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H. SUTHERLAND, Mistress of the Robes.
 Mr. Henry Corsten, you are hereby appointed Florist to H.R.H. Prince Albert. Given under my hand and seal, at Buckingham Palace, the 20th day of November, 1848.
 ROBERT GROSSEVENOR, Groom of the Stole.

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 Five lines 5 0
 Each succeeding line 0 6
 Country friends who wish to remit the cost of their advertisements that the orders for inserting them, are requested to observe that each line of print contains, on an average, ten words.
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POETRY (No 282).—The volume noticed under this heading in our last number, as by "Mr. Parkes," should have been stated to be by "Miss Parkes."
H. H.—We are unable to assist our correspondent in his inquiries.
A. C. (Portsea).—The suggestion is perfectly impracticable.

THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

BEAUTIFUL POETRY.

THE subscribers to *Beautiful Poetry*, who did not receive the first number in due time, must ascribe it to a demand which we had not anticipated. Better provision will be made in future.

As it appears to be much approved, we determine to accede to the request urged by so many of the subscribers, and to publish it fortnightly, on the 1st and 15th of each month. No. III. will therefore appear on the 15th of February.

Some copies are stamped for post, price 4d. Subscribers paying in advance at the office will be supplied for half a year for 3s. 6d. (which may be sent in postage stamps.)

Unstamped copies can be procured through all the booksellers in the country.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

Beautiful Poetry having been so much approved, we shall at once proceed to the carrying out of the original design, and publish in like manner, at the same price and of the same size, a collection of the true *Wit and Humour* of our language. Of these also there exists no choice gathering. Our purpose will be, as with the poetry, to present only such as is truly good, unencumbered by the load of rubbish usually mingled with it; and for this purpose we shall gather from ancient as well as modern sources, and include the most familiar as well as the rarest, provided it be really witty or humorous.

The first number of *Wit and Humour* will appear on the 1st of February, containing thirty-two pages, price threepence, or stamped for post fourpence. Twelve numbers will be supplied stamped from the office to any person transmitting 3s. 6d. in postage stamps.

THE LITERARY WORLD:

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

UNDETERRED by the fate of the BARONESS VON BECK, strong in the consciousness of their personal identity, Mr. CHARLES DICKENS and his friends, the promoters of the Guild of Literature, were last week the heroes of a great intellectual festival at Birmingham. Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON was not there; but, to make amends for the absence of the Baronet, a real Lord presented himself,—in some sort, too, a literary Lord, for Lord LYTTELTON is the descendant of him who wrote the *Life of Henry II.*, and Mr. PHILLIMORE's biography of that historical nobleman was executed under the auspices of his amiable Lordship. Mr. THACKERAY could not be with them, for Mr. THACKERAY, as all the world knows, is being *feted* by the Yankees; but, as EBENEZER ELLIOTT once said that BULWER *plus* SIR WALTER SCOTT was equal to SHAKESPEARE, so perhaps it may be said that Mr. JOHN FOSTER, the author of *The Life of Goldsmith* (Mr. EXAMINER himself, in visible presence), *plus* Mr. W. H. WILKS, of *Household Words*, is equal to THACKERAY, and both of those gentlemen honoured happy Birmingham on this occasion with their presence. When there was lately a similar gathering at Manchester, the "metropolis of industry" rejoiced in the company of Mr. JOHN BRIGHT, who became a little literary for the nonce. Birmingham last week could not boast of that eminent patriot; but, in lack of him, had it not the "sounding brass" of its own beloved and accepted DAWSON, to whom the heirs, executors, or assigns of the Baroness VON BECK are still indebted in the sum of 1l. 4s. for a copy of her second work, which, owing to certain circumstances, is still uncompleted and undelivered to the subscribers? and was not DAWSON complimented by Mr. EXAMINER himself on the "wit and wisdom" which he pours forth weekly in the "Church of the Saviour?" The proceedings were partly diurnal, partly nocturnal; the former comprising the presentation to Mr. DICKENS, from Birmingham admirers, of a "salver" (said to be "silver"), on which there were carved figures from the *Iliad*, a highly-appropriate gift to the author of *Pickwick*! The nocturnal transactions included a dinner-party, with the usual sequel of post-prandial oratory, Mr. DICKENS responding to the toast of "The Literature of England," and my Lord LYTTELTON proposing that of "The Guild of Literature." A certain discrepancy is observable between the speeches of the commoner and the lord. The author of *Pickwick* was loud in praises of the state of literature in the nineteenth century, when the writer, instead of depending upon a patron or two,

can appeal successfully to the people. Lord LYTTELTON, who, no doubt, has had to pay pretty smartly for the biography of his historical ancestor (an undiscerning public refusing to buy it!) was not so clear about the perfect excellence of the nineteenth-century system; had he been so, how could he have approved of the objects of the Guild of Literature? and indeed how does Mr. DICKENS reconcile his support of the Guild with his trenchant faith in the efficacy of the "voluntary principle" in literature? People who can amuse the world, in any way, from that of Mr. JOSEPH MILLER up to that of Mr. CHARLES DICKENS, always have been and will be amply rewarded by the world's applause and pay; but for the serious man, of independent convictions and disinclined to play the fool, the nineteenth century is perhaps the worst of recorded centuries. That old hermit at Derwentwater, to whom Saint CUTHBERT used occasionally to repair from Lindisfarne for a little spiritual commune, was a happy man, although he lived upon roots, compared with our SOUTHEY in the same locality, slaving himself into madness for booksellers and editors, and mocked by SIR ROBERT PEEL with the offer of a baronetcy! But to return to Birmingham. Its Literary Institutions have most of them died out; for it is easier to give, once in a way, a Literary Dinner or even a salver, than to manage successfully a Literary Institution. So the other day, since the giving of the dinner and the salver, there was a public meeting, at which Lord LYTTELTON spoke and assisted, to arrange the foundation of a new Literary Institution for Birmingham, on the largest, the most colossal scale. And that a little discord should not be wanting to give relief to the prevailing harmony, there has been, of late days, proceeding in Birmingham a rebellion of the journeyman-printers against the masters; the raucous voice of DAWSON cheering the rebels on. The English printer has just cause for complaint at present, and feasible proposals on his behalf would be worth attention; but he will not take much by blindly following the guidance of persons of the Dawson-kidney!

Mr. DICKENS, at Birmingham, reprobated those who doubt the efficacy of "cheapness" in literature adequately to provide for the proper support of the literary class. Well! America is the land, *par excellence*, of literary "cheapness"; no law of international copyright, no Booksellers' Association, no "taxes on knowledge" there! One of the finest of America's living poetic minds is BRYANT's, whose *Thanatopsis* some people think "equal to anything in Wordsworth." BRYANT is in London just now, not, however, to be crowned in the capital, but to write "our own correspondence" to the *New York Evening Post*, which he edits; no transatlantic Lord GLENCAIRN or Lord LONSDALE having made him a gauger as BURNS was, or a stamp-collector like WORDSWORTH! Let it be admitted, however, that America is honourably distinguished among the nations by her diplomatic employment of her literary people: her WASHINGTON IRVING was envoy at Madrid, her BANCROFT and EVERETT have been ministers in England, SCOTER expects an ambassadorship to Japan, and PETER PARLEY at this hour is consul in Paris. The latest diplomatic arrival from beyond the Atlantic is that of Mr. INGERSOLL, to replace at our Court the Mr. ABBOTT LAWRENCE who expressed himself "favourable, as an individual, to a law of international copyright." Mr. INGERSOLL, if Mr. GRAVE be not mistaken, was a friend of Dr. CHANNING's, and wrote a history of the second American war with Great Britain; and the speeches delivered by Lord DERBY and Mr. JOHN BRIGHT, on the occasion of the recent dinners to him at Liverpool and Manchester, afford a point or two fit for comment by the literary journalist. Lord DERBY spoke, in a praiseworthy tone, of the easiness of access to the peerage by men of ability, however humble their birth, and instanced the recent elevation of a grocer's son from Sir-EDWARDSHIP to Lord-ST.-LEONARDSHIP. True; but is success in barristering the best test, in this latter half of the nineteenth century, of a man's usefulness to serve his country in the Upper House of Legislation? Has the head which scans, and most clearly understands, and could most successfully unravel, the complexities of a civilised society in a period of transition—has that head generally a wig upon it? Mr. JOHN BRIGHT, again, indulged in a piece of curious invective against two London journals, the *Britannia* and the *Sun*, which have, it would seem, committed the heinous offence of speaking lightly of America or of some American; and on that account BRIGHT sneers at their editors as "obscure scribblers," and refuses them any authority because (according to him) the circulation of the *Sun* is going down, and because he does not know anybody who subscribes to or reads the *Britannia*! Heyday! Mr. BRIGHT! this would seem a strange way for a democrat, did not one know that there is nothing equal to the vulgar insolence of your *parvenu*. "Obscure scribblers" indeed. Mr. BRIGHT himself has not hesitated before now to become an "obscure scribe," and write anonymous leading articles! And what has Mr. BRIGHT, on a public platform, to do with the circulation of the *Britannia* or the *Sun*, although he has a perfect right to criticise their opinions? Suppose the *Britannia* or the *Sun* were to retort upon Mr. BRIGHT with a criticism on his private affairs, and reproach him with the declining sale of his cheap carpets, "twenty-five per cent. below the prices of any other firm," the speedy disappearance of their *bright* hues, and the swift decay of their texture!

Some years ago Lord JOHN RUSSELL spoke contemptuously of "the writers in the daily newspapers;" but at least his lordship was the son of a duke, and not, like Mr. BRIGHT, of a factory operative; and his lordship now belongs to a ministry which numbers among its members, as a secretary of the Board of Control, one of these same "writers in the daily newspapers," the legal and colonial contributor to the *Times*, Mr. ROBERT LOWE, the clever M.P. for Kidderminster. Singular! this is the post that MACAULAY began official life by filling; twenty years have come and gone, and now it is from practical contributors to the *Times*—not from rhetorical contributors to the *Edinburgh*—that our governors choose their literary officials. FILLMORE, the *quondam* translator of *Faust*, is the *Times* correspondent at Berlin, and has received (they say) from the leading journal a roving commission in the colonies. Perhaps one of these days FILLMORE may be Colonial Under-Secretary; to such high destinies may translation of *Faust* lead one!

This is a hypothetical promotion: not hypothetical, but real, is that of the *Times* literary gentleman, SAMUEL PHILLIPS, to a German doctorate, conferred spontaneously on him (through the Chevalier BUNSEK) by his ancient *alma mater*, the University of Göttingen. Mr.—I beg pardon—Doctor PHILLIPS was lately snubbed a little by his leading journal, *apropos* of the new Crystal Palace: the *Times* affirming that he "did" the literature only, and had no connection with the leading-article thunder. The doctor avenged himself forthwith by a merciless onslaught on THACKERAY's *Emmond*; and one can fancy him now looking down on the movements and denizens of the literary world, more majestically than ever, from the cheaply-accessible heights of the German degree which he owes to the "University of Göttingen."

It used to be said that literary men made bad politicians; but now the former, with such phenomena as Lord JOHN RUSSELL's edition of the *Memoirs of Moore*, may turn the tables, and assert that politicians make bad literary men. About a year ago Mr. GRAVE had occasion to announce in a doubtful tone that his lordship was at work, not only on memoirs of Moore, but on *Memoirs of Charles James Fox*, and he has now to proclaim a speedy advent of the first volume of the latter; not in a doubtful, but in an assured tone, being certain that they will prove to be extremely bad. What is it that has re-infected his Lordship with the *cacothetes scribendi*, which, it might have been thought, had worn itself out long ago in the production of the *Nun of Arrouca*, *Don Carlos*, a *tragedy*, and the other elegant trifles whose appearance illustrated the adolescence and early manhood of the noble Lord? Was it the complimentary appellation of man-of-letters bestowed upon him by Mr. D'ISRAELI in the biography of Lord GEORGE BENTINCK? If so, curses not loud but deep will be vented on Mr. D'ISRAELI from the arcanæ of Paternoster-row! Mr. GRAVE once took the liberty of recommending his Lordship to retire into private literary life, and there compose more books; advice which after the *Memoirs of Moore* he would never dream of reiterating. But should his Lordship execute his long-conceived intention of a withdrawal from the cares of political existence, his Lordship might still be literary. Evidently unfit to write books, he is probably fit to catalogue them. A *Bibliotheca Woburniensis*, auctore JOANNE RUSSELL, would nobly consummate the literary career inaugurated by the *Arrouca*; nor would the friendly hints and counsels of Mr. ANTHONY PANIZZI be absent from such an enterprise! No uncertainty rests upon the motive which has impelled the Ducal owner of Stowe to compile (by himself or with others' aid) the forthcoming *Memoirs of the Courts and Cabinets of George the Third. From original Family Documents*. By the Duke of BUCKINGHAM and CHANDOS, K.G. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Alas! in dual libraries, as in the upper floors of Milton-street, the *rex angusta domi* sets the pen in motion; and may his Grace's newly-developed literary faculty but bring to his publishers the profit which he no doubt has taken care to secure to himself. Nor rests there the slightest uncertainty on the nature of the inspiration that has produced the arriving work, entitled *The Colonial Policy of the British Empire, from 1846 to 1852*. By HENRY GEORGE, EARL GREY. His Lordship is condemned to blow his own trumpet through "2 vols. 8vo.;" for his protégé and *quondam* fuzgeman in *The Times*, young BAILEY, can lend no aid in the distant Mauritius; and who knows what precise effect his Lordship's strains may have on the musical sensibilities of the impartial Doctor PHILLIPS?

In the opening speech of his new Ministership, the Earl of ABERDEEN announced his intention of dealing with the Education-Question, and curiosity is aroused to know how the "religious difficulty" of that great question will be solved by a cabinet which counts among its members the Editor of Hobbes, along with the compiler of *Selections from the Liturgy for Family Use*. Meanwhile, let Mr. GRAVE repeat what he once before let fall (and, indeed, it is evident to all the world), that however it may be with the national education of the young, no religious difficulty at least

can obstruct the national education of the adult—the endowment and maintenance, out of public funds, of those “people’s universities,” Mechanics’ Institutions. No one ever proposed, or dreamt of proposing, that they should be other than secular, and it is as purely secular institutions that they have received the patronage and support of the ministers of religion of all sections within the church, and of all denominations without it. Now that noble Earls and Honourable and Learned Gentlemen in a copious series (finally terminated, it is to be hoped, by Mr. SAMUEL WARREN, the other day, at Hull) have gratified their vanities by gratuitous lecturing on the platforms of Mechanics’ Institutions, why should not some skilful and serious legislator take this matter up, and get out of it at least a “committee,” with a blue book looming in the distance? The Society of Arts, by the way, which was to work such wonders for Mechanics’ Institutions, has at last honestly confessed its incompetency, and advertises money-prizes for essays containing suggestions, &c. for their organisation. Apropos of Mechanics’ Institutions, what a strange Christmas amusement was that which the Institution at Manchester treated its members to three weeks ago! A reproduction of Christmas in the olden time, with mummings and morris-dancers, Yule Log, was-sail-cup, pace-egg, boar’s head, and so forth! When the Earl of EGLINTON was chosen by the Glasgow students to be their Rector in preference to his politico-theological Grace of ARGYLL, an austere sage in *The Athenæum* sneered at the Scotch Earl as the puerile reviver of the ancient tournament. You would be disposed to call a Manchester Mechanics’ Institution, both in form and tendency, the most modern of possible institutions, yet for a Christmas amusement it falls back upon the olden time; but where is the sneer of the austere sage of *The Athenæum*? Echo answers “where?”

An old amusement, the theatrical, and a new one (developed out of the panorama), such an entertainment as that of Mr. ALBERT SMITH’S Mont-Blanc, have been brought, in their relations to the press, prominently before the public, through the controversy which arose between Mr. CHARLES MATTHEWS and the theatrical critic of *The Morning Chronicle*. Mr. SMITH and Mr. MATTHEWS have been compared, as respects the tone of their communications with the press and the public; but the difference between their entertainments, in the relation borne by these to the critic, seems to have escaped notice. An establishment like Mr. SMITH’S, with a single entertainment never varying during an entire season, requires but a single visit from the critic of each newspaper. A theatrical establishment, like Mr. MATTHEWS’S, with ever-varying entertainments, is quite differently situated. That the present system of constant and indiscriminate admission of press-orders is unjust, seems generally granted, and there even appears to be a readiness on the part of the press to waive altogether the right of gratuitous entrance. *The Times*, however, justly claims a provision for the secure accommodation of “gentlemen of the press,” on occasions when there may be a crowding on the part of the public. And this claim points to the true solution of the question,—the provision of a box or space for professional critics, like the reporters’ gallery in each of the Houses of Parliament.

Foremost, in point of value and interest, among works approaching publication, is a first volume, containing “Autobiographical Sketches” of promised *Selections from Grave and Gay from the Writings published and unpublished of Thomas De Quincey. Revised and enlarged by himself*—an enterprise which, in one form or other, has often been demanded of the English Opium-Eater, who really and truly “is one of the most remarkable men in our country”—and the promise of “unpublished” writings from such a pen will pique the curiosity of his old readers, who, if they do admire him, admire him with no ordinary intensity. Of other biography, the most notable item is Mr. MACILWAINE’S promised *Memoirs of Abernethy*, the most crabbed and honest and anecdote-suggesting of physicians. History, having produced its first volume of ALISON, rests upon its oars, says nothing of the new instalment of MACAULAY, and scarcely deigns to allude to a new contribution in its military department, a translation of Count DE CASTELLANE’S *Military Life in Algeria*. French chiefly in its theme is a historical work on *Egypt under the Moslem rule*, which will give new and full details of the French occupation of that country, and which is being composed by Mr. Paton, once *The Times*’ correspondent in Hungary, and whose *Goth and Hun* was so mauled by the “Liberal” newspapers on account of its Anti-Kossuth animus. Between history and fiction hovers *The Legends of Pembroke Castle*, by Miss FRANCIS G. C. HERBERT, a name which promises well for such an undertaking; and in pure fiction there is to be a new novel by Mrs. MARSH, who seems desirous of rivalling in fertility Mr. G. P. R. JAMES himself. In travel, Mr. C. WARREN ADAMS will soon give *A Spring in the Canterbury Settlement*, an interesting title; and some papers in the *United Service Magazine*, from the pen of a recent Scottish wanderer to Mexico, are to be re-published as *Autobiography of an English Soldier in the United States Army*. In poetry, there is announced a third edition of that hard but striking work, remarkable in itself and for the locale of its authorship, THOMAS COOPER’S *Purgatory of Suicides*. Report speaks also of a volume of *Poems*

from the remains of the late EDWARD QUILLINAN, the son-in-law of WORDSWORTH, and who of all men was most qualified by position to have been WORDSWORTH’S biographer.

The new year has not brought the usual large crop of periodical enterprises which usually at that season effloresce in such abundance. Some of the old periodicals have had new blood infused into them, but as a set-off against this, there are rumours of the death of more than one old-established organ. In journalism the new phenomena are *The Field*, an illustrated sporting paper, and the *Civil Service Gazette*, the aim of which was formerly described, and which is still far from being worthy of its purpose. The *Hebrew Observer* is to be devoted to Jewish interests—once a week. A *Deutsch Athenæum*, once a month, from the shop of Mr. Kimm, of Bond-street, is unworthy of its name. *Diogenes*, a rival to *Punch*, is worth a passing mention—and nothing more! In the review and magazine department, Scotland sends a new *Quarterly*, which is to be a temperance organ, and is more temperately as well as ably written than the other organs of the same cause—numbering among its contributors GEORGE GILFILLAN, ARCHIBALD PRENTICE, and, strange to say, the ENGLISH OPIMUM-EATER. Deserving of notice is the passage of *The Biographical Magazine* into the hands of the London publishers of *Tait*.

“Parliamentary Literature” has become, since it was first used in these columns, an established term, and now that it has got a “position,” that literature may perhaps gradually receive the improvement of which it is certainly very susceptible. From a return recently presented to the House of Commons, it would appear that the annual sale of Parliamentary publications has averaged during the last eight years something over 40,000. The Honourable House should turn publisher in good earnest, regularly advertise its “new and forthcoming works,” and above all send copies of them to the periodical and newspaper press! FRANK GRAVE.

A LIFE-DRAMA.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

(Continued from page 6.)

WALTER.

And then I found you beautiful and pale—
Pale as a moonlight night! O Violet,
I have been undeceived. In my hot youth
I kiss’d the painted bloom of Pleasure’s lips
And found them pale as Pain’s,—and wept aloud.
Never henceforward can I hope to drain
The rapture of a life-time at a gulp.
My Happiness is not a troubled joy,
’Tis deep, serene, as death. The sweet contents,
The happy thoughts from which I’ve been estranged,
Again come round me, as the old known peers
Surround and welcome a repentant spirit,
Who by the steps of sorrow hath regain’d
His throne and golden prime. The eve draws nigh;
The prosperous sun is in the west and sees,
From the pale east to where he sets in bliss,
His long road glorious. Wilt thou sing, my love,
And sudden me into a deeper joy?

VIOLET [sings].

The wondrous ages pass like rushing waves,
Each crown’d with its own foam. Men die, and Fame
Hangs like a pallid meteor on their graves.
Religions change, and come and go like flame.

Nothing remains but Love, the world’s round mass
It doth pervade, all forms of life it shares,
The institutions that like moments pass
Are but the shapes the masking Spirit wears.

Love is a sanctifier, ’Tis a moon
Turning each dusk to silver. A pure light,
Redeemer of all errors—

[Ceases and bursts into tears.]

WALTER.

What ails you, Violet?

Has music stung you like a very snake?
Why do you weep?

VIOLET.

Love will redeem all errors! O my friend
This gospel saves you: doubt it, you are lost.
Deep in the mists of sorrow long I lay
Hopeless and still, when suddenly this truth
Like a slant sunbeam quiver’d through the mist,
And turn’d it into radiance. In the light
I wrote these words, while you were far away
Fighting with shadows. O! Walter, in one boat
We floated o’er the smooth, moon-silver’d sea;
The sky was smiling with its orbs of bliss;
And while we lived within each other’s eyes,
We struck and split, and all the world was lost
In one wild whirl of horror darkening down;
At last I gain’d a deep and silent isle
Moan’d on by a dim sea, and wander’d round,
Week after week, the happy-mournful shore,
Wond’ring if you had escap’d.

WALTER.

Then noble soul,
Teach me, for thou art nearer God than I!
My life was a long dream; when I awoke
Duty stood like an angel in my path,
And seem’d so terrible, I could have turn’d
Into my yesterdays, and wander’d back
To distant childhood, and gone out to God
By the gate of birth, not death. Lift, lift me up
By thy sweet inspiration, as the tide
Lifts up a stranded boat upon the beach.
I will go forth ’mong men, not mail’d in scorn,
But in the armour of a pure intent.
Great duties are before me and great songs.
And whether crown’d or crownless, when I fall
It matters not, so as God’s work is done.

I’ve learn’d to prize the quiet lightning-deed,
Not the applauding thunder at its heels
Which men call Fame. Our night is past;
We stand in precious sunrise, and beyond
A long day stretches to the very end.
Look out, my beautiful, upon the sky!
Evening puts on her jewels. Look! she sets,
Venus upon her brow. I never gaze
Upon the evening but a tide of awe,
And love, and wonder, from the Infinite,
Swells sweet within me, as the running brine
Grows in the creeks and channels of a stream
Until it threatens its banks. It is not joy,
’Tis sadness more divine.

VIOLET.

How quick they come,—
World after world! See the great moon above
Yon undistinguishable clump of trees
Is slowly from the darkness gathering light!
You used to love the moon!

WALTER.

This mournful wind
Has surely been with Winter, ’tis so cold.
The dew is falling, Violet! Your cloak—
Draw it around you. Let the still night shine!
A star’s a cold thing to a human heart,
And love is better than their radiance. Come!
Let us go in together.

THE END.

The Leipzig catalogue of the book fair for this year contains 6764 new publications. Last year the number was only 5700.

FREE LIBRARY AT LIVERPOOL.—This establishment continues to be thronged daily by hundreds of well-conducted persons. The statistics up to the sixty-second day since the opening give 32,995 books issued and returned in that period, being an average of 532 volumes per day, exclusive of the readers of the different periodicals.

CHRONOLOGICAL OR ARITHMETICAL COINCIDENCES.—A Frenchman lately communicated the following rather curious calculations to an English friend:

Fall of Robespierre 1794	Fall of Charles X. 1830
1	1
7	8
9	3
4	0
Fall of Napoleon 1815	Fall of Duke of Orleans 1842
1	1
8	8
1	4
5	2

Fall of Charles X. 1830 Fall of — ? 1857
It is considered that the death of the Duke of Orleans by a fall sealed the fate of the Orleans dynasty even before the flight of Louis Philippe; because the Duke was so much beloved, that had he been alive he would have been accepted as King on the abdication of his father, Louis Philippe.—*The Builder*.

THE FRENCH BOOK TRADE.—The number of books, pamphlets, and journals printed or reprinted in France during the year 1852 amounts to 8261. 4321 works have been printed in Paris, either at the Imperial Printing-house or by the 80 printers of Paris and the suburbs, 3926 in the 85 departments, and 15 in Algeria; 1626 works have been either reprinted or second editions printed; 6635 works may be considered as new publications; 7682 works are written in the French language, among which are remarked 64 printed in the various idioms of the provinces. Those printed in foreign languages are in the following proportions: 90 in the German language, 44 in English, 4 in Arabic, 110 in Spanish, 66 in Greek, 6 in Hebrew, 28 in Italian, 203 in Latin, 15 in Portuguese, 4 in Polish; 3 belong to the Oriental tongues, and 6 are polyglot works. Among the publications in the French language are comprised 164 newspapers, some of which are new, and of which 40 were published in the departments, and 94 writings printed in lithography. 4519 engravings and lithographs have been announced as published in France in 1852, 171 geographical maps and plans, 1867 pieces of vocal music, and 1076 works of instrumental music have been engraved or lithographed in Paris and the departments.

LITERARY MEN TRAVELLING IN FRANCE should be careful of the books and papers they carry with them, for Louis Napoleon’s officers have failed to improve their knowledge of the English language, and even so harmless a word (politically speaking) as “*Critic*” has raised the suspicions of the loyal guard at St. Malo. An amusing account of this fact is given in the last number of *The Jersey School Circle*, whose editor, being absent on a holiday, has sent home an account of his adventures:—“I happened,” he says, “to have *THE CRITIC* in my pocket, and the Custom House officers pulled it out, and only returned it to me upon being shown very plainly *London Literary Journal*. But all their precautions are useless. General F——, who was my companion in the *coupé* of the diligence from Lyons to Turin, had *Napoleon le Petit* in his pocket, and a French gentleman, an *Ancien Représentant* and *Procureur de la République*, with whom I have got acquainted to day, and who will be everywhere with us about Florence, has received it also somehow.” Thus it is evident that, though Imperial Supervision cannot defeat the printing press, travellers must be cautious. Poor Buonaparte! amid all his successes and grandeur, he fears the *Critic*! True, he might dread a lesser power.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

The One Primeval Language traced experimentally through Ancient Inscriptions in Alphabetic Characters of lost Powers, from the Four Continents; including the Voice of Israel from the Rocks of Sinai; and the Vestiges of Patriarchal Tradition from the Monuments of Egypt, Etruria, and Southern Arabia. By the Rev. CHARLES FOSTER, B.D. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street, 1852.

THERE are not many perhaps among our readers who have embarked in the difficult and laborious study of decyphering the hieroglyphic inscription on the monuments of ancient art; but to those who are engaged in the task, or interested in its successful performance, we recommend the perusal of Mr. FOSTER's work. It exhibits extensive learning and great philological research; while his views, which are altogether novel on the subject, are supported by a mass of extraordinary and highly interesting evidence. Those indeed who have hitherto placed their faith in the theories of Champollion, Dr. Young, and others equally learned, will be somewhat surprised to find the authority of these eminent philologists set aside, and a new revelation given of the true light in which we are to regard those celebrated inscriptions which once so greatly puzzled the scientific world. Before however we enter into the explanation of our author's theories, we must beg to remind our readers of what were the ideas of his learned opponents on the subject, in order that they may see the wide difference which separates them. They believed the hieroglyphics to contain a language in themselves, in which the figures of men, monsters, animals, &c. stand as letters of a phonetic or pictorial alphabet. Mr. Foster, on the contrary, considers them to be mere pictorial representations, bearing no more relation to the characters than the illustrations of a book do to the printed matter contained in it. It will at once be seen what a revolution in philological science Mr. Foster's theory may effect; and that it must materially alter our preconceived notions of the true meaning of the hieroglyphics. To quote our author's assertion, they must henceforth rank as an "ancient form of our own modern *Illustrated News*;" while that vast amount of learning and ingenuity which has been expended in the decipherment, or rather construction, of a hieroglyphic alphabet has been attended with no profitable result.

Our author's discovery would seem to have been as great a surprise to himself as to others. Aided by the original Greek, he was engaged in the task of decyphering the inscriptions on the celebrated Rosetta stone, when he found that every word yielded up the sense required by the original Greek to an alphabet formed on the principle that letters of the same known forms are to be assumed to possess the same powers; and, guided by this, the only correct principle indeed by which to decipher an unknown tongue, he found intermingled with the hieroglyphics characters of known Greek, Hebrew, and Hamy-ratic forms, and having verified them, succeeded in gaining an insight into the unknown. This laborious process completed, he found to his astonishment that the pictorial adjuncts, figures of men, monsters, &c. instead of standing as letters of a phonetic alphabet, according to the theory of Champollion and others, were only pictorial illustrations to the words. In this, indeed, as in the other numerous cases he submits to his readers, the hieroglyphics represent what the words describe; and the result of further scientific investigations, conducted on the same principle, he now in his work lays before the world.

The Sinaitic inscriptions, or, as Mr. Foster entitles them, the Voice of Israel from the Rocks of Sinai, form the subject-matter of the first volume. The history of their discovery is very remarkable. Rather more than thirteen centuries ago, a merchant of Alexandria, named Cosmas, and called Indicopleustes from his voyages to India, visited the peninsula of Sinai, and observed the various inscriptions on the rocks at the different resting-places in the wilderness, which were in an unknown language. This language certain Jews among his company professed to understand, and declared the inscriptions to be

the work of their ancestors, the ancient Israelites, during their sojourn in the wilderness after the flight from Egypt. Cosmas considered this statement to be remarkably verified by the circumstance that some parts of the inscriptions were upon rocks, which had evidently fallen at some unknown period from the cliffs above, undermined by the winter torrents in the course of ages; thus proving that the characters had been engraved before they were detached from the main mass. But the report of his discovery, which he published in his work entitled *Christian Topography*, met with little notice till 1807, when it was re-published by Montfaucon. In 1840, Professor E. F. F. Beer, of Leipsic, constructed the first alphabet of the before unknown characters at Sinai, but on a principle as we have seen entirely different from our author's. He avowed his belief that they were of Christian origin, dating not more than a century and a half previous to their discovery by Cosmas; and professed to find a strong proof of the truth of his theory in the frequent recurrence of the figure of the cross. This however, is proved by Mr. Foster to be identical with the sign of the *Cruz Ansata*, or sacred Tau so often found upon the monuments of heathen Egypt; and he also found it in other cases to be the letter T, which curiously enough he discovered to be the same at Sinai, and in the Egyptian, Assyrian, and the Hebrew languages, as in our own.

In the Sinaitic inscriptions the hieroglyphics appear somewhat less frequent than on the Egyptian monuments, and the characters more rudely drawn. The coincidences between them and the scriptural history of the Exodus are, according to our author, most striking. The battle of Rephidim, the miracles wrought at the Rock of Meribah Kadesh, and the Well of Marah, the passage of the Red Sea, the miraculous supplies of manna and of flesh, and the plague of the fiery serpents, together with a multitude of less important inscriptions, are found engraved on the rocks centuries after they were written, and forming a record which may probably endure as long as the globe itself. Of the punishment of the plague of serpents there are two inscriptions, of which Mr. Foster gives us the following as a literal translation. It must be premised that the first records the coming down of the serpents upon the people, illustrated by a serpent descending upon a prostrate Israelite, and the figure of a camel is also in the last line but one of the original. We extract the literal translation:—

Destroy springing on the people the fiery serpents
Hissing injecting venom heralds of death they kill
The people prostrating on their back curling in folds
They wind round descending on bearing destruction.

The other is still more clear, and runs as follows:

The People
sustain on a pole erecting a standard
the male serpent fiery of molten brass
The people look towards the fire
bowing themselves down sought by an evil thing
offer up vows the tribes.

We have here every particular of the awful punishment as recorded in Scripture, the standard erected by the idolaters, and the serpent which "the evil thing" (that is, their own inclinations) prompted them to worship. To what other occurrence or people in the annals of ancient history can this inscription relate but to the serpent-worship of the rebellious Israelites in the wilderness? The conjecture is converted into certainty by the laborious process by which Mr. Foster was able to decipher these and the other inscriptions. He began by reflecting that the ancient Israelites would probably use the language, and in writing the characters, which they would learn from the Egyptians during their sojourn among them of more than 200 years. His expectation was realised: he discovered in the Sinaitic characters some Egyptian, and others of Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic forms. And guided by the principle that the letters which were similar in shape must also possess similar powers, he succeeded in identifying the Sinaitic alphabet with the enchorial alphabet on the Rosetta stone, and with the characters also found at Masara, of a date even prior to the age of Moses. To give ocular demonstration of the truth of this theory, Mr.

Foster gives a plate of the harmony between the two alphabets, which abundantly bears out his assertion.

The last proof that the Sinaitic inscriptions were the work of the ancient Israelites is met with in the locality where they are found. All travellers have concurred in describing it to present the same characteristics now which the Israelitish historian described centuries ago. It is emphatically "a waste," and a "howling wilderness." From the vicinity of the eastern shores of the Gulf of Suez (the spot where it is believed the Israelites crossed the Red Sea) to the neighbourhood of Mount Sinai, these inscriptions are to be seen for miles in extent, covering the hills to their summits, and engraved on high rocks, inaccessible to the passing traveller. But the spot which affords the greatest number of them is a chain of high sandstone rocks, perpendicular as walls, in a valley called the Wady Mokatteb, or written valley, from their abundance, and a mountain called also Djebel Mokatteb from the same cause. The immense fatigue and difficulty of carving these inscriptions on such rugged materials and in such inaccessible situations is a sufficient proof that they must have been the work, not of travellers, but of dwellers in the wilderness; and as the French traveller, Laborde, said from the rudeness of the writing, "of a people in the infancy of society." In this confessedly sceptic age of ours, when exaggerated notions of the antiquity of Egyptian civilisation, drawn from their monuments, have been used to throw a slur on the authenticity of the Old Testament, it is a remarkable coincidence that inscriptions in the same character at Mount Sinai should be found to prove its truth.

But we have lingered so long over these remarkable remains that we must hasten over the remaining portions of Mr. Foster's work. In the Monuments of Egypt he is at no loss for proofs to substantiate his theory that by "one language and by one speech" was "the whole earth overspread." Quoting from the learned Jew, Philo-Judeus, who wrote a treatise on the Confusion of Tongues, he says: "Mankind paid the fit penalty for their daring, for they presently became many-tongued; so that from that time forth they could no longer understand each other, by reason of the diversity in the dialects into which the one tongue, once common to all, was divided." The theory is therefore no novel one, and Mr. Foster adopting the Baconian mode of reasoning, does not hesitate to avow the same belief. The evidence which he offers is conclusive as far as it goes, but we must not forget that modern research has, as yet, only been able to discover and analyse some few of the languages spoken in the early ages of the world. We can therefore only conclude from analogy, that the change wrought at Babel was not radical but dialectic, and that the similarity of structure found to exist in the languages analysed by our author may extend to others lost or unknown. There are however two facts established by the present inquiry, the importance of which it is impossible to estimate too highly. We mean the identity between the ancient Egyptian language and the pure old Arabic; and the discovery that the latter, in its high antiquity and primitive simplicity, is, as our author terms it, "the master-key to the one primeval language." Should philological research ever go further in ascending to the origin of our present multifarious speech, to gain an insight into the mysteries of the language which is believed to have come down from on high, and assuredly was the first ever spoken upon earth, would be an achievement in philological science worthy of that spirit of inquiry which is the distinguishing characteristic of our age. But if it is not given to Man to satisfy the cravings of his desire for knowledge in this respect, the discovery of the relics of patriarchal tradition in those Eastern lands which were the nursery of our race may come to confirm his faith, and help to banish scepticism from his breast.

Inscriptions recording the Temptation and Fall of Man, and a belief in the doctrine of a future Resurrection, have been deciphered by the research of our author on the heathen monuments of ancient Egypt. On a tomb of the kings at Thebes, there is a tablet with the figure of Eve

standing in parley with the serpent, while a god pierces the serpent's head with a sharp arrow. Thus we have here the traces of a traditional belief in the fall of man, though afterwards corrupted and lost in idolatry. The truth of this will be more evident to the reader as we proceed. On another monument, copied by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, there are two illustrations of the same subject. In the first are seen the woman and the serpent—the woman piercing his head with a spear. The other represents a god with the head of a hawk in a boat, piercing with a spear the head of a man prostrate in the water; while a coiled serpent in the air is in the act of springing, and two words inscribed over his head explain the purport of the picture. Of these two words Mr. Foster gives the following translation, which can only refer to the prophecy in Genesis: "To sin and wickedness he led and pointed out the way." But a far more perfect representation than this of the Fall has been found on the Temple of Osiris at Phylæ. Here the man and woman are standing on each side of the forbidden tree, which is represented as a slender shrub, branching out like an espalier, and without fruit; a basilisc stands erect on the ground, as if his condemnation to crawl had not been passed, and on his head, and in the hands of the man and woman, are seen the forbidden fruit which they have plucked. Of the character of the tree Mr. Foster tells us he was for a long time in doubt, as it was clearly not the apple-tree represented by both Christian and Jewish tradition, till he discovered that the word in Arabic, inscribed over the unknown shrub, signified a pomegranate, and on referring to the description of it in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, found the description to run thus: "The Grenatum, or common pomegranate, rises with a tree stem, branching numerously all the way from the bottom, growing eighteen or twenty feet high, with spear-shaped opposite leaves, and the branches terminated by most beautiful large red flowers, succeeded by large roundish fruit, as big as an orange, having a hard rind filled with pulp, and numerous seeds." As this description was exactly verified by the tree in the picture, Mr. Foster comes to the conclusion that the pomegranate was the mystic tree of knowledge, while the flowers and the fruit being sanguineous, and the latter juice without pulp, seemed most appropriately chosen to be an emblem of the blood or the life. This circumstance, significant enough in itself, is rendered still more so by the custom of the ancient Egyptians using the pomegranate at their funeral ceremonies, as their symbol of death; and our readers doubtless recollect the command given to Moses respecting the same fruit, that the Israelites should embroider the ephod or vestment of their priests with a border of pomegranates, and use them in the tabernacle. Other particulars respecting the extraordinary monument at Phylæ remain to be described. The tablet is surrounded by inscriptions, mingled with hieroglyphics; and of the principal of these—a human figure crouching on the heels, a posture among the Egyptians of humiliation and worship—placed with an inscription over the picture of the Fall, Mr. Foster gives the following as a literal translation:—

Lost and ruined men transgressing the bounds of moderation, eating, giving to another to eat. Wandering from the right way perishing, manifesting great sadness, peculiarly through grief on account of sins, and imploring the mercy of God.

The awful significance of this requires no explanation. To no other event in history, either sacred or profane, could this monument and its accompanying inscriptions allude but to the Temptation and Fall of Man. But if proof was wanting, where it is already so strong, the belief that Osiris, the god to whom the temple is dedicated, was a descendant of Noah, by some supposed to be his son Ham, and by others a son of Ham, would form another link in the chain of testimony. Whichever opinion be correct, Osiris must have been acquainted with the tradition of the Fall, and the history of the antediluvian world, which would thus be communicated by oral tradition to the Egyptians.

Remarks of ours would be superfluous on these extraordinary evidences of a belief among the ancient Egyptians of the Temptation and Fall of Man, they carry their own proof with them; and were even the inscriptions wanting, which have been translated by our learned author, the figures of the man and woman, so constantly associated with the tree, the forbidden fruit, and the serpent, would, we think, suggest, at once,

the true meaning of the picture to the most casual observer.

One more specimen of the sacred truths known to the ancient Egyptians, and so strangely mingled with their grotesque idolatry, and we have done. Our readers who are familiar with the British Museum have doubtless surveyed with mingled awe and wonder the remains of an Egyptian king, Pharaoh Mycerinus, who reigned it is computed four thousand years ago. But when they speculated on what might be that mysterious process of embalming, the secret of which is lost to our times, or marvelled at the evidences of a civilisation so remote from them, and differing so widely from ours, they were probably not aware that the Egyptian monarch, whose remains they saw, shared, though living in ages so remote, an idea with them; and that idea, the fundamental doctrine of their Christian faith, the belief in a future Resurrection.

But such is the testimony of our learned author, based on the same evidence as that on which he grounds his present discoveries. It is believed that the third pyramid of Gizeh was erected by King Pharaoh Mycerinus, the son or brother of Cheops. That monarch was one of the earliest Pharaohs, and lived, as before remarked, four thousand years ago. When the third pyramid at Gizeh was opened through the exertions of Colonel Howard Vyse, or rather reopened, for it was found to have been broken into before, probably by the Saracens, a sarcophagus was discovered in the sepulchral chamber of the pyramid, and a mummy-case, which no one could doubt contained the remains of the founder, King Mycerinus. The sarcophagus was unfortunately lost at sea, but the mummy-case and its contents were brought to England, and deposited in the British Museum. When Mr. Foster first beheld the broken lid of the mummy-case, he was struck with surprise at the sight of a word in the inscription, which signified a wild ass, placed over a man's head, which he concluded to be that of the monarch. At a loss to know what could be the meaning of the word introduced there, he went on, and found it repeated at the bottom of the second column, but this time accompanied with a figure of the animal in a recumbent position below it. Mr. Foster therefore thought the name and figure of the animal were applied to the king; and, recollecting that in more modern times Gibbon records that Meran, a Fatimite caliph of Egypt, in honour of his valour, was called by the honourable title of Ass of Mesopotamia, was no longer surprised that the name of the same animal should here refer to the Egyptian monarch. But still searching for further proof, he examined the text of Diodorus, who preserved a double list of the names of the builders of the three great pyramids, when he found that the name of the builder of the third, as corrected by the great critic Wesseling, to be identical with the word on the lid of the mummy-case, which signified a wild ass, and was further illustrated by the figure of the animal. Here then was a decisive proof that the wild ass symbolised the king, and placed it at the same time beyond further doubt that it was his remains which were contained in the mummy-case. This was in itself a highly satisfactory discovery, but one still more important was to come. In the words which, mingled with numerous hieroglyphics, followed the name of the king, Mr. Foster found phrases to signify "sleeping," illustrated by the figure of an owl, "rises with difficulty (from?) the tomb," followed by "bent down, peculiarly in the back." Here was an aged man bent, and groping as if in the dark. The next signified "metamorphosis," (a well-known tenet of the Egyptians, who believed in the transmigration of souls,) and another word meaning blindness, again illustrated by the groping figure. The inscription was here broken off, but continued on the second column by words signifying "a funeral lamentation" and "wailing," and "a serpent wounding (with) sudden death," the Egyptian phrase or figure of speech signifying death. This again was followed by the sentence "crouches with difficulty the wild ass," illustrated by the figure of the animal, rising with a bent back, and symbolizing, as we have seen before, the king. Below this was a word and hieroglyphic, which our author first took to be a bird, till he discovered the word to signify the *os coccygis*, or crupper-bone, and found that the hieroglyphic, upon further examination, bore every appearance of a bone, probably meant for the one mentioned. A medical friend confirmed his belief by a drawing of the crupper-

bone, which exactly resembled the hieroglyphic; and this recalled to Mr. Foster's mind the doctrine thought to originate with Mahomet, or at farthest with the Jewish rabbis, that the crupper-bone will be the only part which will survive the decay of the rest of the body, to serve, according to Sale's *Koran*, as "a seed from which the whole is to be renewed." The crupper-bone, therefore, placed below the name and figure of the wild ass, "rising with difficulty," signifies the Resurrection; and the wild ass is Mycerinus himself, and its rising, consequently, his resurrection.

We have been thus circumstantial in the details of this remarkable inscription, that the reader may see for himself on what grounds our author believes that a patriarchal tradition of the Resurrection formed part of the creed of the ancient Egyptians. When he also calls to mind that this inscription is on the tomb of one of the first Pharaohs, placed there three thousand years before Mahomet promulgated his *Koran*, he will not hesitate, we think, to agree with Mr. Foster that the doctrine was neither invented, nor first inculcated, by the impostor prophet. On the origin of the belief it is not our province to dilate; but there can be no doubt that it was a primeval tradition originating in Divine revelation at the Creation, or Fall of Man. And the circumstance of Eve being formed of a single bone might naturally give rise to a belief that the body could also be reconstructed from one.

Our remarks have extended considerably further than we proposed they should; but we cannot conclude without expressing our conviction that the Christian public, to which our author addresses himself, is greatly indebted to him for the evidences of biblical truth contained in his able and learned work.

HISTORY.

The Roman Wall: an Historical and Topographical Description of the Barrier of the Lower Isthmus, extending from the Tyne to the Solway. By the Rev. JOHN COLLINGWOOD BRUCE, M.A. Second Edition. London: J. R. Smith.

THE famous Roman Wall which in old time protected Southern Britain from the ravages of the northern tribes, and of which very extensive remains are still existing, well deserves the careful investigation that has been bestowed upon it by Mr. BRUCE, who, not content with tracing personally every stone of it that can be found upon another, has made profound researches into its past history, and has brought before the eyes of his readers in a multitude of lithographs and woodcuts every part of it that offers the slightest interest to the antiquary, with facsimiles of the inscriptions that are found so profusely upon these marvellous relics. Of these engravings this handsome volume contains no less than 293. Of course the subject is one incapable of being popularly treated within any limits a literary journal could afford for it; and moreover this is a second edition, and therefore out of our jurisdiction so far as reviewing is concerned. Out only business is to record its appearance, and to add our recommendation of it to that which has been already given in the most emphatic form by the sale of the first edition.

BIOGRAPHY.

Lives of the Brothers Humboldt, Alexander and William. Translated and arranged from the German of KLENCKE and SCHLESIER, by JULIETTE BAUER. London: Ingram and Cooke.

EXACTLY eleven years ago this month, when the world on the whole was pretty quiet, and our continental neighbours had no distracting dreams of tocsins, barricades, and regal scamperings right and left, there came to our shores on a friendly and orthodox mission Frederic William IV. King of Prussia, with such satraps and magnates in his train as became his position and the occasion. It was our fortune at that time to see his Prussian Majesty in a gallery of art, accompanied by the choicest men of his kingdom in court and camp and academy. His Majesty struck us as a bland, good-natured, jocular sort of man, not at all so formidable and overawing as a monarch, as in feature and figure. That is, had we been of knightly degree, we should have been sorry to have had Frederic William as an opponent at tilt or tournament after middle-age fashion, he weighing several stones (jockey-weight) at the least, over our own bare nine stones, with a fist that would have done honour to the old Counts of Brandenburg in power of grasp, when arguments were delivered with mace and martellet. But there was one man for whom we had

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more eyes than for his Majesty of Prussia, his venerable friend and counsellor the Baron Alexander von Humboldt. This man was regarded by all with the utmost interest and respect. He was acceptable to the scholar, the naturalist, the philosopher, and all who took delight in the romance of travel; for this was the man who had sealed the Peak of Teneriffe, who had soared to the cone of Chimborazo, who had poked in the crater of Vesuvius, and burnt his boots in the fires of Cotopaxi; this was the man who established the fact of the singular relation between the mighty Orinoco and the still mightier Amazon, which join hands together at almost the base of the Andes, and then rush on through eternally verdant and fertile plains and vallies to make wild commotions in the seas. This was the man, the knight-errant of science, who for weeks and months had sojourned in the luxuriant forests and desert steppes of the equator, to extend his and our knowledge of Nature and its Author; who had been scorched by the sun, beaten by the storm, endangered by the current, scared by the brute, tormented by the insect, struck down by the burning fever, and yet had returned to Europe a victor, with trophies and spoils, some from regions where the foot of civilisation had never before trodden. The life of such a man cannot fail to be interesting, were it told even by the dullest of biographers. To this man the world is under infinite obligations; but the obligations under which it labours to his elder brother, William, must not be forgotten or lightly passed over. The events in his life are certainly less striking and attractive; he knew no "moving accidents by flood or field;" and, bating a bloodless duel which he once fought with a ministerial colleague, he passed through the world pretty smoothly. He was a keen classical student, a lover of the arts, no mean hand at casting a sonnet, a shrewd diplomatist, an upright statesman. He may be forgotten in Prussia as the rebuilders and ornament of Tegel Castle, as the translator of the *Agamemnon*, and in England as Prussian minister to St. James's, and the honoured of the Prince Regent and the men of mark of this country at that time; but his memory will live in his philosophical labours,—the great mine of wealth he has bequeathed to all posterity. In these he shows a grasp of mind and powers of generalisation which those only can properly appreciate who have made the attempt and proved the difficulties in such enticing studies.

William von Humboldt was born in June 1767; his brother, Alexander, in September 1769. We shall speak of the younger first. He still survives, and consequently is in his eighty-fourth year. Such as we saw him he is here described.

In spite of his years he walks unweariedly; he is active and punctual in his immense correspondence, and answers every letter of the humblest scholar with the most amiable affability. The inhabitants of Berlin and Potsdam all know him personally, and show him as much honour as they show the king. With a slow but firm step, a thoughtful head, rather bent forward, whose features are benevolent with a dignified expression of noble calmness, either looking down or politely responding to the greetings of the passers-by with kindness, and without pride,—in a simple dress, frequently holding a pamphlet in his hand, resting on his back,—so he wanders frequently through the streets of Berlin and Potsdam, alone and unostentatiously, a noble picture of a blade of wheat bending beneath the weight of its numerous rich golden ears. Wherever he appears he is received by tokens of universal esteem; the passers-by timidly step aside for fear of disturbing him in his thoughts; even the working man looks respectfully after him, and says to his neighbour, There goes Humboldt!

The brothers, descended from a noble house and endowed with ample fortune, received the best education the country and the age could afford. Their studies and pursuits were to a great extent and for many years similar: still the leaning of the younger appears to have been more towards natural history and the exact sciences,—that of the elder towards the classics and æsthetical studies, though we much doubt if this fine pedantical term was at that time known.

In their younger days William was regarded as quick, and Alexander as slow; but the apparent difference in intellectual power was in consequence of the feeble physical constitution of the younger. This difference was in time made up; and it is possible that the world has never witnessed two sons of the same father so nearly matched in intellect, and both great, though in different ways. Let us add, before proceeding further, that never were two brothers more united, more affectionate, or more proud of one another's

attainments and fame. In their boyhood days both conceived a desire for foreign travel, and in Alexander the desire became a perfect passion, through his intimacy with George Forster, who had formerly accompanied Captain Cook in his voyage round the world, as natural historian. The elder brother settled down in life, however—became a husband, a father, a minister of state, an ambassador; the younger became the traveller. It was several years before he could gratify his inclinations, on account of the troubled state of Europe,—continental wars on land and English blockades at sea. These years were made years of preparation, of acquiring knowledge, of training the limbs and exercising the body to hardships. The feeble sickly child by his thirtieth year had become a hale strong man. In 1799, accompanied by his friend Bonpland, the French botanist, he travelled into Spain, hoping to find an issue to the western world from that country. By the favour of the Spanish King he received permission to examine all the Spanish possessions in America, and was provided with the necessary documents and introductions to the transatlantic authorities. "It is strange," remarks his biographer, "that the geographical discoverer of America, Columbus, and the scientific explorer, Humboldt, should both have been assisted in their journey by Spain." After some farther delay, and a run from an English fleet, the travellers put fairly out to sea, and soon came in sight of the Canaries. The companions had permission to land on Teneriffe, and immediately set out to ascend the celebrated peak. After a most toilsome journey and no small danger they succeeded in reaching the top.

VISIT TO A CRATER.

At eight o'clock in the morning, in a freezing temperature, Humboldt reached the top of the cone, which scarcely afforded sufficient room for the whole party to sit down to rest. They could not see the crater itself, because lava and brimstone had formed a kind of well round it. An opening on the western side, probably formed by a stream of lava, afforded an entrance into the kettle of the volcano; Humboldt, followed by his companions, descended to the bottom of the funnel, whose egg-shaped mouth must be 300 feet in length and 200 broad. The warmth they perceived here proceeded from some slits from which watery vapours flowed, accompanied by a peculiar rushing sound; and the interior of this crater afforded the picture of a volcano which has for millenniums ejected fire only from its sides. Without farther danger Humboldt and his companions reached the bottom of the funnel-shaped crater, whose depth may be about 110 feet, and which, like all extinct volcanoes, seems to have changed little for centuries.

A malignant fever broke out on board the vessel; but our travellers escaped, and both were safely landed at Cumana. An earthquake had taken place here some months previous, and Humboldt, with characteristic industry, immediately set about inquiring into its history, to extend his views, and to discover, if possible, the laws that govern these desolating phenomena. From Cumana Humboldt reached Caracas, where he resided two months. Here, with that passion for mountain-climbing which distinguished his career under the equator, he ascended the Silla, and "stood at the brink of a precipice 8,000 feet deep, which the evening mist was gradually veiling." The descent was attended with some danger, but was safely effected. It was at this place where the fearful earthquake of 1812 happened. Humboldt thus speaks of the

EARTHQUAKE AT CARACAS.

Our friends are no more; the house which we have inhabited is a heap of dust; the town I have described no longer exists! The day was hot, the sky cloudless, the air calm: it was Maundy Thursday, and the population was mostly assembled in the churches; nothing seemed to announce the threatened misfortune. It was four o'clock in the afternoon. Suddenly the bells, which were silent on this day, tolled; it was God's hand, not a human power, which rung the grave-bell. A shock of ten to twelve seconds terrified the people; the earth swayed like a boiling fluid. The danger was thought to have passed away, when suddenly the subterranean thunder was heard. The town was utterly destroyed. The nine to ten thousand dead, of whom four to five thousand were buried beneath the falling church, where a solemn procession was taking place, were the more fortunate, as they were suddenly and unexpectedly overtaken by death when partly engaged in devotion and prayer, when we compare them to the unfortunate beings who, injured and wounded, survived their friends for months, and then perished for want of attendance and nourishment. The following day was calm and bright, the moon shone, the quiet heavens formed a fearful contrast to the earth, covered with corpses and ruins. Mothers carried the dead bodies

of their children in their arms; mourning families wandered through the town seeking a brother, husband, or friend, of whose fate they were ignorant.

Of such catastrophes, happily, in this country we know comparatively nothing. A tap, gentle as my lady's fan, under our English strata, throws our public writers into a high state—of exaggeration. To use a vulgar phrase, people then see and hear with their elbows, and magnify the chirrup of a cricket into the appalling growl of earth's intestinal throes. God forbid we should should ever know the fearful significance of an

EARTHQUAKE UNDER THE TROPICS.

The impression which the first earthquake makes upon us, even if it is unaccompanied by subterranean noise, is an inexpressibly powerful and quite peculiar one. What moves us so powerfully is, the disappointment of our inherent faith in the repose and immutability of the firm solid earth. A moment destroys the illusions of a life. We are undecieved as to the repose of earth, and feel transported within the sphere of destroying unknown powers. We scarcely trust the ground on which we stand; the strangeness of the occurrence produces the same anxious uneasiness in animals. Pigs and dogs especially are overpowered by it; the crocodiles of the Orinoco, generally as dumb as our little lizards, leave the agitated bed of the river and rush howling into the forests. To man, an earthquake appears as something omnipresent, unbounded. We can escape from an active eruption, or from a lava-stream flowing towards our dwelling; but during an earthquake wherever one flies seems the hearth of destruction.

In the waters near Calabozo, which flow into the Orinoco, Humboldt and his companion witnessed a

BATTLE WITH ELECTRIC EELS.

The marshes and standing waters near Calabozo are filled with electric eels. It is difficult to catch the eels with common fishing-nets, as they bury themselves in the mud. The Indians fish them with horses and mules which are driven into the water. The noise occasioned by the stamping of the horses drives the eels out of the slime, and irritates them; they swim on the surface of the water, and press themselves against the belly of the mules and the horses. A strange combat now begins; the Indians provided with long thin bamboo canes, encircle the ditch; some climb the trees, whose branches extend horizontally over the water. By wild screams and threats with their long canes, they prevent the horses coming ashore and escaping. The eels, terrified by the noise, defend themselves by the repeated discharge of their electric forces. It seems for a time as if they would carry off the victory over the horses, for many of the latter succumb to the force of the invisible electric blows, which the eels give on the belly, the most sensitive part, and they sink below the surface overcome by the shocks. If one escaping from the shocks of the electric eel reaches the land, it falls at every step, and sinks down on the sand faint and exhausted. In the first five minutes, two horses were already drowned. The eel, which is five feet long, presses against the belly of the horse and discharges its electricity along its whole length, which stuns the abdomen, entrails, and heart of the horse. * * * The Indians maintained that if the horses were driven into the water of electric eels on two consecutive days, none would die the second day. The eels now timidly approached the shore, where they were caught with little harpoons attached to long ropes. If the ropes were perfectly dry, no electricity was felt while hauling out the fish, but it was communicated through the wet ropes.

Humboldt gives a stirring account of his journey across the Llanos or immense plains of South America, and the hardships he suffered. No very agreeable travelling is it, where

The woods resound with the thunders of the rushing waters, with the roaring of the jaguar, and the dull howling of the monkeys. Where the shallow stream has left a sandbank, there the heaving bulk of the crocodile lies with open jaws, immovable like a rock, sometimes perched on by birds. With its tail coiled round the stem of a tree, the tiger-spotted boa lies watching on the shore, sure of its prey. Darting suddenly forward, it seizes at a bound the young bull or the weaker game, and forces its prey, coated with slime, down its swelling throat.

Humboldt sailed into the Orinoco by way of the river Apure, and was now "in a territory little known to man, and exclusively inhabited by tigers, crocodiles, and chiguires." Every night the travellers landed from their small boat and slept in the open air. They must have been thoroughly wearied out, if they could have closed their eyes in midst of the chorus that often awaited them. One night in particular, they appear to have had very

PLEASANT NEIGHBOURS.

For want of trees (and yet they were close to a forest, but the forest was impenetrable), the oats were fastened in the ground and the hammocks swung to

them. All was quiet until eleven o'clock in the night, but then such a fearful noise arose in the neighbouring wood that sleep was impossible. Of the number of voices of wild animals which sounded at the same time, the Indians, who were with Humboldt, distinguished only those separately audible, such as the low flute-like tones of the sapajo, the sighs of the alouates, the scream of the tiger, the cougar, the muskrat, the sloth, the hoeco, the paragua, and some other fowls. As soon as the jaguars approached the boundaries of the forest, Humboldt's dog howled, and crept beneath the hammocks. Sometimes, after a long pause, the tiger's voice was heard from the trees, followed by the sharp, continuous scream of the monkeys escaping from the danger. The security which the Indians seemed to feel inspired Humboldt and his friend Bonpland with courage. They listened to the accounts how all tigers dread fire, and never attack a man lying in his hammock; and the case is indeed very rare. The noise which the animals make seems to arise from a quarrel among them. The jaguars pursue the pekari and tapirs, who fly in crowded herds. The monkeys, startled by the noise, respond to the cry from their trees; and thus the inhabitants of the forest are awakened one after the other, and the whole menagerie is in an uproar.

From the Apure Humboldt entered the Orinoco, which is here four leagues in breadth, although 194 miles from its mouth. The voyage down this river was attended with considerable peril and suffering. The mosquitos were especially troublesome. He succeeded in discovering the water junction between the Orinoco and the Amazon, and returned to the former river by the Cassiquiare. During this part of his journey he fell in with natives who fed upon ants, with others who fed on human flesh, and heard of a native alcalde who devoured his wife with great gusto, after having fattened her on purpose. At the missionary station Esmeralda he became acquainted with the deadly poison called *curare*. It is a vegetable poison, prepared by one man called the "poison-man." A singular property of this poison is that, if brought in contact with a scratch or open wound, it causes almost instant death; whereas, if taken internally, it is an excellent tonic. It is used to poison arrows; and, placed on the thumb-nail, one Indian will kill another by a sharp pinch of the skin.

It is impossible to follow Humboldt throughout his various wanderings, however interesting the subject. Previous, however, to his return to Europe he visited Havannah, Quito, Peru, and Mexico. In Quito he visited the crater of the Pichincha, where he nearly lost his life, and ascended to the cone of Cotopaxi, which is 17,892 feet above the level of the sea, and the highest active volcano in the world. He also ascended Chimborazo to the height of 3,036 toises, or 18,106 feet. Here the mercury was frozen in the thermometer. The extreme rarification of the atmosphere made breathing very difficult, and, on account of the absence of external atmospheric pressure on the body, blood flowed from the eyes, lips, and gums of the daring travellers. When they had left these scenes, and were above fifty-two miles on their journey, they heard the thunders of the Cotopaxi, which had until then been silent since 1768, like a heavy cannonade night and day. The noise of this volcano has been heard at the distance of 200 miles.

It is impossible not to admire the courage, fortitude, and skill which Humboldt and his companion brought to bear during their five years' travels. These were journeys made not merely to gratify the natural curiosity of man respecting the hitherto hidden things of nature, but to extend the boundaries of science by investigations made under opportunities which are not permitted to society in general. The Catholic missionaries could not believe that these men had left Europe to be stung by mosquitoes, to run the risk of being devoured by savage beasts, or to perish in noxious swamps, for no other purpose than collecting plants, birds, and animals, and making observations with the barometer and thermometer on the mountains. Such, however, were the objects, and such the risks; but had the latter never been run we should never have had the *Kosmos*.

After an absence of five years Humboldt and his companion returned to Europe in 1804. For many years after his return he was engaged in arranging the specimens he had brought from the tropics and in writing the results of his travels. In this gigantic task he was joined by the most eminent scientific men of Europe, who hastened to assist him. This great work, which was commenced above forty years ago, has only been completed in modern times. Klencke gives an

analysis of it, and states that in 1844, when still incomplete, the cost of the folio edition was 405*l*.

Humboldt was offered a ministerial post in Prussia, but declined it that he might pursue his studies quietly in Paris. He had long meditated a journey into Central Asia; and at length, encouraged and assisted by the present Emperor of Russia, he departed with Rose and Ehrenburg to the northern extremity of that country in 1829, and from thence travelled to Astrakhan, on the Caspian Sea. This journey, though not abounding in striking incident, is still interesting in a scientific point of view. To read of Siberia as Humboldt describes it is to make you feel the want of a blazing fire, even in the height of the dog-days.

In spite of many defects and much wordiness these biographies will be read with interest. We regret that we are reminded on every page that this is a translation. We perceive further, by the title-pages, that the translator has "arranged" and "abridged;" and this may account for some obscurities in which we have lost ourselves in the course of our reading. Some strange mistakes occur too. The Geographical Society would be puzzled to say how the feat was performed, which we read of at page 78:—"He determined (Humboldt, of course) to sail from Quito to the Amazon stream, and to arrive in Lima," &c. A droll voyage, if ever it was performed! Here, again, is a puzzle for the Astronomical Society, at the following page, 79: "The travellers arrived at Lima, &c., in time to observe the last period of Mercury's passage, before entering the sun's disk." We plead guilty to the italics; but if for entering we could read leaving, we should have an intelligible erratum. We are not disposed, however, to quarrel with a well-intended effort to popularise two among the greatest names of the present century in the walks of adventure and science; believing that, of late years, the schoolmaster has been sufficiently abroad and doing to prevent any one being seriously led astray by the twin arts of arrangement and abridgement.

RELIGION.

SOME thirteen years ago the Rev. SAMUEL DAVIDSON, now D.D. and Professor in the Lancashire Independent College, Manchester, put forth a work entitled *Lectures on Biblical Criticism*, which at once placed its author in the foremost rank of that small but increasing body of biblical students in this country, who are not afraid to apply to the holy canon the same tests of criticism that have been found so useful in elucidating the works of profane writers. The "Lectures" have now been for some time out of print, and the author has judged wisely that a merely new edition would neither be commensurate with the demands of the present time, nor do justice to his own reputation. He has therefore entirely recast it, both in substance and form, and in fact produced a new work, which embodies the results not only of his own labours and of scholars in this country, but likewise of the most distinguished biblical critics on the Continent, especially in Germany. The work, as it now appears, under the title of *A Treatise on Biblical Criticism, exhibiting a systematic view of that Science*, is, without exception, the very best that has been hitherto published on the subject in any language. Compendious in form, methodical in arrangement, and accurate in substance, it is just the sort of work that our theological students required to have placed in their hands. The learning involved is, of course, not entirely the writer's own; but a very little examination suffices to prove that while he is skilful to avail himself of the researches of his predecessors and contemporaries, he is himself also a ripe and able scholar, such as Englishmen need not be ashamed of when brought into contrast with foreigners.—*The Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament: a series of Sermons preached in the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn*, by FREDERICK DENISON MATRICE, Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, and Professor of Divinity in King's College, London, is a welcome addition to our practical theology by one of the most simple and at the same time most earnest writers of our day. These sermons are partly supplementary to a volume of sermons by the same writer *On the Old Testament*, which brought down the history of the Jews to the time of Samuel. In this new work, which embraces twenty-seven sermons, Professor Maurice goes through the series of Jewish kings, from Saul to Zedekiah, and of Jewish prophets, from Samuel to Ezekiel, with the express object of showing "that the story of the prophets and kings of the Old Testament is as directly applicable to the modern world as any Covenant ever dreamed; but that it is applicable, because it is a continual witness for a God of righteousness, not only against idolatry but against that notion of a mere Sovereign Baal or Bel, which underlies all idolatry, all tyranny, all immorality." He is also of opinion "that the Old Testament ought to be read much more simply and according to the letter than we are used to read

it; that we have not made its application to our individual cases more clear by overlooking its obvious national characteristics; that if we had given heed to them we should have found an interpretation of some of the greatest difficulties in history and in the condition of the world around us." Of the prophets he says, "The compilers of the lessons have been much more careful to exhibit the prophets as preachers of righteousness than as mere predictors. I have felt that this aspect of their lives has been greatly overlooked in our day, and that there is none which we have more need to contemplate. The history of the Hebrew monarchy, without the light which it receives from Jewish prophecy, seems to me as unintelligible and incoherent as it does to those who reject it or who try to reconstruct it. Seen by that light, I can find nothing more orderly or continuous, nothing more consistent with itself, or more helpful in interpreting the modern world." From these one or two extracts from the dedication and advertisement, the reader will perceive the practical bearing of Professor Maurice's sermons; but he must peruse the volume through if he wishes to preserve the continuity of the writer's thoughts, which will be no hard task for any one that loves eloquent language, and pure, idiomatic English, such as Mr. Maurice always writes.—*Sermons*, by the Rev. GEORGE SMITH, Minister of Trinity Chapel, Poplar, is the work of a Non-conformist divine, who is justly admired for his talents, beloved by his congregation, and respected by all who know him. Mr. Smith's sermons are much above the ordinary average. He is earnest and eloquent, never straining after effect, but rather aiming to present plain truths in forcible and impressive language. In the preface, which we think needlessly apologetical, he states that "the following sermons, while not so closely connected any one with the rest as to lay claim to the character of a body of divinity, are yet so varied and generally related as to contain something like an outline of Christian truth in its doctrinal, experimental, and practical developments." Of those which we have been hitherto able to peruse, we can heartily commend that on "Babylon; or, the Punishment of Luxury," and "The Going of a Man to his own Place," referring to Judas Iscariot.—Mr. Smith is also the author of *The Domestic Prayer-book: a course of Morning and Evening Prayers for five weeks*, which we are happy to find has recently come to a second edition.—*The Evidences of Religion, Natural and Revealed, considered in two Sermons, with Notes*, by the Rev. R. BRUCE KENNARD, M.A., "were suggested by, and may be considered as supplementary to, Arnold's two Sermons on 'The Christian's Hope.'" They possess the high merit of logical precision, and of condensing into a small space arguments which in the hands of an ordinary writer would be spun out into an octavo volume.—We continue to receive sermons on the death of the Duke of Wellington. Of these *The Might and Majesty of Death: Two Sermons suggested by the death of the Duke of Wellington*, by the Rev. J. A. EMERTON, deserves notice as a thoughtful and eloquent tribute to our departed hero's memory.—*The Mighty Man of Valour: a Sermon preached in Trinity Church, Ipswich*, by the Rev. FRANCIS H. MAUDE, incumbent, is published at the request of friends, and with some misgivings on the part of the author, for which, however, we see no reason. It is quite appropriate to the occasion, and contains one or two remarks on the lawfulness of defensive war calculated to be of use at the present juncture.—*The Battle-axe of God: a Sermon preached in St. John's Chapel, Bognor*, by the Rev. EDWARD MILLER, M.A. is an enthusiastic eulogium upon the character of the Great Duke, conveyed in such forcible and glowing language that we grudge not to have been present at its delivery.—Passing, by an easy step, from the sermon to the essay or treatise, we have much pleasure in noticing *The Three Churches; or, Outlines of Christian Morals and Politics*, by the Rev. J. C. BENTLEY, M.A., Master of Lichfield School. The preface to this work briefly explains the nature of its contents. "The subject of the following pages is man viewed as the possessor of a soul, and their purpose to trace the origin and growth of his spiritual life. In the first part this spiritual being is considered in his individual capacity. In the second and third parts in his social capacity, first as a member of Church and State, and then as a member of the Catholic Church—i.e. as being in this world, but not of it. The fourth and last part is an apology for the Church of England, as an institution in harmony with the conditions of man's spiritual nature." The ideas contained in this sketch are well carried out. The author writes in forcible energetic language, well calculated to arrest attention; and we should have much pleasure in quoting from him, did our limits permit, on one or two points in which we entirely coincide with him, as, for instance, the dignity of labour, of which he treats in the second chapter of his work.—*The revealed Economy of Heaven and Earth* is a very able work by an anonymous writer, whose name, we trust, will not long be a secret, as the public like to know to whom they are indebted for any new thoughtful work on an important subject.—*Thoughts and Reflections on Sickness and Affliction*, by A. R. SANDERSON, M.D. is the second edition of a work which appeared first in the year 1843, when it commanded some attention, and was shortly followed by the

death of the author. Nearly ten years have therefore elapsed since the first edition; but we know of nothing published since that is calculated to supersede it, and we can in consequence recommend it heartily to the notice of our readers.—*The Lay Member's Guide in visiting the Sick and Poor* chiefly compiled from various authors, by M. A. M., is the work of a lady, and comes before the public with a commendatory preface by the Rev. PHILIP CARLYON, Minister of St. James's, Exeter, in whose parish she carries on her labours as a district visitor. It breathes throughout a spirit of devout piety, and is calculated to be of much service to all who are engaged in a similar praiseworthy capacity.—*Notes and Narratives of a Six Years' Mission, principally among the Dens of London*, by R. W. VANDERKISTE, late London City Missionary, is an interesting narrative of the writer's personal experience in visiting what are called the dens of the metropolis. Scenes he came in contact with, which it was impossible for him to describe in a book intended for family use; but some that he dares mention are of a character to make us pause and ask the question, whether we do indeed live in an enlightened metropolis and in the middle of the nineteenth century. That such scenes of vice and misery will eventually disappear before the combined efforts of city missionaries, ragged schools, emigration, and the other agencies that are brought to bear upon them, it would be rash to pronounce; but let us hope that such may be the case, and in the meanwhile give all praise to such men as the writer, who not merely make the evil known, but labour to the utmost for its removal.—*The Religious Condition of Christendom, exhibited in a Series of Papers prepared at the instance of the British Organisation of the Evangelical Alliance, and read at its fifth annual conference, held in Freemason's Hall, London, August 20 to September 3, 1851*, edited by the Rev. EDWARD STEANE, D.D. is a large octavo volume, called forth by the meeting together during the Great Exhibition of a number of delegates of the Evangelical Alliance from almost every part of the world. At each session important papers were read by ministers of the gospel and others well qualified to speak as to the religious condition of the particular country, town, or district which they represented. All the papers read at these meetings are not printed; but a selection has been made of the most important, which, being carefully edited, form a very interesting and instructive volume on the present state of the Christian world. The papers here exhibited are some thirty in number, various in their contents, and all carefully drawn up by their respective authors. The names of some of these are a sufficient guarantee for the fidelity of their statements. Thus, for Great Britain and Ireland we have the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, the Rev. Principal Cunningham, the Rev. W. H. Rule, and others; for France, the Rev. N. Roussel, the Rev. E. Pressensé, the Rev. J. H. Grandpierre, &c.; for Belgium, the Rev. E. Panchaud and Rev. L. Anet; for Holland, Dr. Da Costa; for Germany, Drs. Krummacker, Tholuck, and others; for Switzerland, the Rev. L. Burnier, the Rev. Professor Vulliemin, and the Rev. Professor Baup; for Piedmont, the Rev. J. R. Revel; for Algeria, the Rev. W. Monod; and for the United States of America, the Rev. R. Baird. The statistics which occur in the course of the work are highly valuable, and the "Historical Sketch of the Evangelical Alliance," by the Rev. D. KING, makes the reader acquainted with the previous doings of the association.—Before concluding, we have to mention what will be interesting to some of our readers: viz. that the new Arabic version of the Scriptures by the late Professor Lee, and upon which he was at work up to his death in seeing it through the press, is confided by the "Christian Knowledge Society" for its completion to the Rev. Professor Jarrett and able assistants. It will be brought out with all the dispatch consistent with the accuracy which such an important work imperatively demands.

Cyclopædia of Religious Denominations; containing authentic accounts of the different Creeds and Systems prevailing throughout the World. Written by Members of the respective Bodies. London: Griffin and Co.

The title of this work is the best description of its design. Sectarians are apt to abuse others without knowing precisely in what it is that they differ. A name is given, or taken, and against that name hostility is directed with more vehemence than if the assailant was acquainted with the precise grounds of theological antagonism. Reference to this comprehensive Cyclopædia will prevent a great deal of quarrelling; for when an orator proposes to declaim, or a writer to print, or a tea-table oracle to talk, against some other denomination of Christians, they have but to refer to the succinct account here given of their doctrines to discover that there is in truth very little difference between them, and for that little there is a good deal to be said on both sides. To obtain the necessary information for such a work as this the editor has enlisted divers pens, the account of each sect being written by a member of that sect, so that we may be sure that it is not misrepresented. And not merely is it limited to Christian sects; the tenets of other religions are described, as those of the Jews, by the Rev. J. Leeson;

of Socialism, by the redoubtable Mr. Owen; of the Mormons, by the no less memorable Mr. Joe Smith; and even of Mahomet, the Parsee religion, and Brahminism. Thus it will be seen that this is a singularly comprehensive work, and useful in proportion to its comprehensiveness. It is better than *Evans's Sketch*, hitherto the only authority on this subject; and, from the vast number of authorities everywhere cited, it must be invaluable to the clergy as a storehouse of theological learning.

Cyclopædia of Religious Biography: a series of Memoirs of the most eminent Religious Characters of Modern Times. By the Rev. ROBERT JAMIESON, D. D. London: Griffin and Co.

An extensive collection of biographies of persons eminent in religious history, arranged alphabetically. The memoirs are brief, but neatly written, and present the most important features of the various lives. It is said to be intended for family reading. We should have supposed it to be better adapted for reference.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Pictures from Sicily. By the Author of "Forty Days in the Wilderness." London: A. Hall & Co.

Paris after Waterloo: Notes taken at the time and hitherto unpublished. By JAMES SIMPSON, Esq. Advocate. Blackwood & Co.

&c. By the Lady EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY. London: Bosworth.

The Dory and the Veld; or Six Months in Natal. By CHARLES BARTER, Esq., B.C.L. London: Ott & Co.

Visit to the Indian Archipelago in H. M.'s Ship Meander; with portions of the private Journal of Sir James Brooke. By Captain the Hon. H. KEPPEL, R. N. London: 1853.

WE have already noticed with due applause the art so profusely lavished in Mr. BARTLETT'S *Pictures from Sicily*, one of the most beautiful of the gift books of the season. We have now to give some account and present a few specimens of its literature.

Sicily is the least known of the countries which the pen and pencil of Mr. Bartlett has yet depicted, and he has described it in a more pleasant and readable strain. It was a fault of his former works that they too much resembled a collection of essays, as if he had written merely for the purpose of providing a text for his drawings; but here he has preserved a continuous narrative of his adventures, in a somewhat extensive ramble through the less frequented districts of that romantic country.

He went by way of Marseilles, taking boat thence to Naples, and of his visits to both places, and of the voyage, he has preserved some lively descriptions. Arrived in Sicily, he visited the chief towns, he ascended Etna, he saw an eruption, he wandered into the interior seeking for the picturesque, he travelled by all sorts of conveyance, he suffered many disagreeables and some dangers, but beheld much that was beautiful and strange and new; and he has told the tale of his wanderings with the spirit of an artist, and occasionally with the humour of an Englishman.

Here, for instance, is a sketch of

PASSPORT TROUBLES IN ITALY.

Here began our *passaporta* and *doggia* tribulations in Italy. In general, it may be remarked, that these become more severe in proportion to the tyranny of the peninsular governments; so that, bad enough in Tuscany, they get worse in the Papal States, and attain their climax of annoyance in the dominions of the King of Naples. These formalities are always disagreeable; but here the worst of it is, that you have never done with them, the Peninsula being parcelled out into so many little states, each with its separate police, and custom-house, and its army of needy officials. And it is difficult to say whether you are more beset by land or sea,—that is, supposing you desire to go ashore, if even for an hour, to see the different ports at which the steamer touches. In the former case, if you are leaving the state of Lombardy to enter that of Parma, you are subject, before you cross the Po at Piacenza, to a passport and custom-house examination: which is repeated as soon as you have gained the other side. Ten miles further, at Parma, it is necessary to get a fresh *visa* to the passport; and on leaving this little state, only twenty miles long, for that of Modena, which is smaller still, the same ceremony awaits you as in the forenoon; thus making five examinations in one day, and upon a distance of thirty miles, and so on in every state and almost every town. The deliberation with which, unless quickened by a bribe, the lazy officials perform their functions, is enough to drive a stoic to distraction. And here, on the sea-coast, you cannot land without having first procured the signature of the consul or ambassador of the particular place; and if

this is happily done, there is still the same passport and custom-house ordeal to be passed. The mere expense entailed by all this is a serious item, but nothing to the vexation and hindrance that it occasions; moreover, at present, owing to Mazzini and the Secret Societies, they are always on the look-out for suspicious characters, which renders the examination doubly rigorous. It was dark a long time before we fought our way through all these obstacles into the town of Leghorn, and bestowed ourselves for the night at a comfortable hotel.

Mr. Bartlett is of opinion that Sicily is on the verge of a revolution: that an explosion is imminent. Thus he describes

POLITICAL FEELING AT MESSINA.

To see the beautiful quay at Messina at sunset, one might not suppose that any secret discontent was brooding among the people. Gay equipages and gallant cavaliers dash past; a crowd of pedestrians press along, hurrying to take their evening walk along the fine road which borders the northern shore of the strait. The sea-breeze blows in fresh and bracing; the opposite mountains of Calabria, with the deep ravines and snow-topped peaks, are dyed in the gorgeous red of a southern sunset, which slowly fades away, till they stand grey and awful in the twilight, and the rising moon begins to show upon the Faro, and tinge the vessels working up and down the channel with fitful gleams of light. It is the hour of enjoyment in the warm south: the artificer, his work over, inhaling the freshness, sits at his open door, while his children play in the street; old gossips, ranged along the wall, indulge in their most intimate communications; the young people walk abroad, conversing in hushed breath, in an atmosphere that breathes of love; cafés and ice-shops are filled; everything seems given up to quiet luxurious enjoyment. But the invisible presence of despotism is there like a blight; the spy is plying his dirty work abroad; and of those who walk forth amidst their friends or children in the twilight, perhaps some one before the following morning is doomed, for a thoughtless word or even on mere suspicion, to be dragged from his bed and thrown into a dungeon. It was not unusual, I was told, for members of families who knew that they lay under the ban of the authorities, to wish each other good night with peculiar solemnity, as uncertain whether the next day might behold them assembled together.

But the smaller towns and villages are exempt from these revolutionary passions. Here is

A PICTURE OF FAORMINA.

We found this little fishing town, which consists of one long street lining the sea, and crouching at the foot of lofty heights, amidst all the excitement of a *fiesta*. The inn was so crowded that with difficulty we obtained a room with a table and two trestle beds, and a balcony overlooking the street, and in which we took post to survey the humours of the scene. And a very pleasing scene it was too, contrasting very favourably with the drunkenness and riot of an English wake. The whole population, gentle and simple, fishermen and fishwives, turned out in their holiday attire, all the women wearing some ornament which seemed to have descended as an heir-loom from generation to generation. On meeting their friends and neighbours they saluted them with an affectionate kiss, and entered into conversation. We were much amused with the airs of a few would-be dandies, most exuberantly dressed, invested in white kids, and carrying gold-headed canes. There was an air of genuine enjoyment spread over the scene. Across the street were suspended a considerable number of variegated lamps, a *chef-d'œuvre* of nautical art, with a large model of a ship—the work of some gifted fisherman. After dark began the real business of the *fiesta*. Bands of music struck up, there were discharges of musketry, the street was illuminated, and the great ship being suddenly set on fire, created an immense sensation; bonfires blazed, rockets were thrown up; and all in honour of some saint whose name has quite escaped my treacherous memory. All this may be called laziness and superstition; but it is a grave and suggestive question, whether the lower orders, with their numerous holidays and their harmless mode of enjoyment, do not spend their lives far happier than our over-worked and gin-excited population.

We will not repeat from Mr. Bartlett's pages the description of an ascent of Etna, for that has been so lately given to our readers by our brilliant Neapolitan correspondent; we have, therefore, taken an extract from his account of the

ANTIQUITIES OF STRACUSE.

Sallying out of the town, we enter upon a partially cultivated tract, formerly the quarter of Neapolis, built after Ortygia and Acradina. The first monument that attracts attention is the Amphitheatre, which is in a tolerably perfect state, but of dimensions far too limited for the teeming population of the city in its most palmy days, and attributed with reason to the period of its decadence under the Romans. Not far distant is the Greek theatre, entitled "*maximiana*" by Cicero, and the largest in all Sicily. Here the aged Timoleon harangued the citizens of the revived republic, and here also the popular assemblies

were held in the time of Agathocles. Its origin is very ancient. It is of horse-shoe form, about a hundred and sixteen feet in diameter, and would accommodate eighty thousand spectators. It stands on rocky rising ground, out of which it is partly hewn; and the view over the ancient city must, in its pristine splendour, have been magnificent indeed. Connected with this theatre is an aqueduct, constructed by Carthaginian prisoners. We now ascend to the Tyche and Epipole, by a picturesque path cut through the solid rock; on the right of which is the Nymphæum, supplied by the above-mentioned aqueduct, while each of the rocky walls is delved into small sepulchres. Not far hence are the Latomia, or the quarries from which the ancient city was built, which present a series of strikingly picturesque scenes, resembling natural caverns with hanging stalactites, supported upon slender pillars, and vividly reflected in pools of water, and at present occupied as a rope-walk. They were formerly used as prisons; but whether the one here represented is the same in whose dank, unwholesome air perished so many of the unhappy Athenian prisoners, seems doubtful, some antiquaries, from Greek inscriptions found there, supposing those nearer the Capucin convent to be the scene of their incarceration.

Mr. SIMPSON visited Waterloo immediately after the battle, of which he published a brief and spirited description that went rapidly through several editions. Having satiated his curiosity there, he went on to Paris, and he appears to have made careful notes of all that he witnessed in that splendid city, the scene of so many revolutions. These notes he now for the first time gives to the public, with a new and revised edition of the Waterloo narrative. Nor is the interest of this at all diminished by the lapse of time or the multitudinous histories of it that have since appeared; for Mr. Simpson describes it, not from books, but as he gathered it from the lips of spectators, and from his own inspection of the field before the blood upon it was scarcely cold. His picture of Paris at the eventful moment is no less vivid—how that gay people laughed, and talked, and *fêted*, and went to balls and theatres, with as much joyousness as if they did not know that thousands of their countrymen were at that moment lying dead, not in the arms of victory, but with the stain of defeat. Mr. Simpson mingled much with society there, especially of the British, and it is curious to compare the manners of that day with those of our own time.

Among other celebrities whom he saw was

TALMA.

After dinner we went to the Théâtre Français, to see Talma, the celebrated tragedian, and Mademoiselle Georges—the Kembles and Siddons of France. The latter lady, it is said, was sent by Buonaparte to get at the state secrets of the Emperor of Russia. It requires much practice in hearing the French language spoken, to enable an Englishman, who, nevertheless, may be able to read it as easily as his own tongue, to follow the speakers in a French play, especially a tragedy, with its measured heroic verse and regular rhymes. I have always found that attainment difficult, and my possession of it imperfect. It may be offered as a proof of the powerful expression, and perfectly intelligible manner, with which Talma performs, that his acting was to me a glossary of his language, inasmuch that I followed him nearly as well as if I had been listening to English. Presumptuous as it may be, in my circumstances, to say a word about this great actor, I may at least report the effect which the man and the player produced on myself. Connecting, as I was accustomed to do, the solemn dignity of tragedy with the noble figure and mien and movement of John Kemble, the inferior stature and altogether a less solemn and greatly more common aspect of Talma disappointed me. But a neighbour said to me, "Wait a little." The part was Orestes, said to be his *chef-d'œuvre*. His low stature and other external disadvantages were soon forgotten, and there appeared before us not only the most affecting but the most dignified dramatic portrayal of human feelings I had ever seen. The carriage, the movements, the large head, are all not only dignified but majestic; while the voice, in variety of tone and expression, defies description. The solemn, artificial, measured step of the tragedy was in his hands unperceived. It seemed to be the natural vehicle for all the varieties of passion and niceties of feeling. Often looks and attitudes spoke in eloquent silence, and even these roused the sympathies of the audience, who were certainly more discriminating than an average English audience to enthusiastic admiration and applause. To the scene where Pylades overpowers Orestes with the announcement of Hermione's death, I never witnessed anything equal on the stage. Reason seemed as if she were leaving her temple unwillingly. He mutters for some moments in a low but audible and most touching voice; and as the audience hold their breath with excitement, he utters a sudden shriek, echoed by the

startled hearers, especially the females, which it is impossible ever to forget. Nothing in the histrionic art could surpass it.

Mr. Simpson succeeded, through the happy ruse of a friend, in obtaining admission to

THE WELLINGTON BALL.

A sumptuous supper was spread out in the gardens under elegant awnings, and, on returning into the rooms, we learned that the banquet had just been announced. I made an effort to enter the grand *salle-à-manger*, where I expected to see the Duke presiding over monarchs and princes; but it was already full, and I failed. Disappointed, I went into a small room close at hand, where supper was spread on several small round tables. At the next to that where I was seated sat two very beautiful Englishwomen of high fashion, Lady W. W. and Lady C. L., keeping a chair vacant between them. In a few minutes the Duke of Wellington himself looked into the room, when the ladies called to him that they had kept a place for him. He joined them, passing so close to where I sat that I rose and put my chair under the table to let him pass, for which he thanked me. When he had taken his seat I could not help remarking—for such things had then a strange interest—that over his head, by mere accident, was a bust of Napoleon. The *trio* were presently joined by Walter Scott, of whom I had for some time lost sight, and the four formed a very merry supper party. I could not help hearing their conversation, for it was rather loud, but there were no state secrets in it. Lady C. L. startled us by an occasional scream. What became of the crowned heads and their supper I never heard or inquired. About four in the morning I again came in contact with Mr. Scott, who said he was quite worn out with excitement, and, presuming I was in no better condition, proposed that we should walk home together. I at once complied, and left the extraordinary scene as one awakes from a splendid dream—a dream never to be forgotten.

Most of our readers are familiar with the Café de Milles Colonnes as it is, and they will read with interest this sketch of it as it was in 1816.

THE CAFÉ AS IT WAS.

We had heard much of the taste and grandeur of the Café de Milles Colonnes, and its beautiful matron, who it is said was a favourite of Buonaparte, a specimen of a very artful part of his *matériel*, which he occasionally played off upon ambassadors, whose state secrets it was desired to worm out; and even upon their masters. We entered the coffee-house, which is on the first floor up-stairs. Very few ball-rooms present the showy *coup-d'œil* of this singular place. It is very splendidly mirrored all round, the plates being divided by fluted Corinthian pillars, which, as well as the company, seem innumerable multiplied. Waiters, in great numbers and activity, are serving coffee, ices, fruit, &c., to the different tables, which are all of marble, having a very cool and clean appearance, and encircled, one by English officers, another by plumed Highland bonnets, a third by Prussian hussars, a fourth by Brunsvickers in their mourning; many, by parties of French ladies with their beaux; and enthroned in the middle of the hall, close to the wall, with a marble table before and a mirror behind her, dressed in crimson velvet, and covered with jewels, sits *la belle Limonadière*, serenely looking down on the hundreds who are looking up to her, and only recalling to mind the fact that she is not an empress by occasionally giving change when wanted by the waiters, and, as is the case in all French coffee-houses, having spread out before her some dozens of small allotments of broken sugar, of five or six pieces each, on a little silver saucer like a wine-funnel stand; a remnant of the respect for sugar with which Napoleon impressed his subjects when he closed Europe against English commerce, and which has banished that profuse thing called a sugar-basin from the economy and vocabulary of Paris. *La belle Limonadière* is rather large, and *un peu passée*; but she is, no doubt, a most brilliant personage. A complexion like Parian marble, and black eyes and hair in striking contrast with it. The usual aids of colour to the cheek were not forgotten, but quite what the French call *au naturel*—a word merely meaning something less artificial than the last stage of artifice. I soon found it necessary so far to qualify language in choosing my dinner, when attracted by *boeuf au naturel*, &c. dishes which I only found somewhat less artificial than the others in the *carte des entrées*. *La Belle* (once more, and then I have done with her) has an air and expression of great good-nature; and, what most amused me, a most solemn attitude of correctest propriety. Nobody presumes to address her without previous formal presentation, and it is found impossible to give coffee orders to her majesty except through the medium of a gentleman-in-waiting. To my great amusement I saw sitting at the right hand of "the throne," eating ice, and now and then conversing with the lady, Mr. Walter Scott, and with him several of his travelling companions, friends of my own. On joining myself to their party I was delighted to hear Mr. Scott's remarks on the truly French scene in which we sat, and his commentaries on the singular personage who solemnly, brilliantly, and correctly presided—sparkling with diamonds, multiplied, front, back, and profile, in mirrors, and intrenched in arron-

dissements of sugar, peaches, and nosegays. We learned that the King of Prussia had been there the night before, and had said some handsome things; a circumstance which made it hopeless for us to be listened to beyond common civility, till the royal impression should wear off.

(To be continued.)

FICTION.

Lady-Bird: a Tale. By Lady GEORGIANA FULLERTON, Author of "Ellen Middleton," &c. In 3 vols. London: Moxon.
The First Lieutenant's Story. By Lady CATHERINE LONG, Author of "Sir Roland Ashton," &c. In 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.
Tendring Cottage; or, the Rainbow at Night. By the Author of "Sin and Sorrow." In 3 vols. London: Saunders and Otley.

It would be a curious and interesting inquiry, what are the number of circulating libraries in the United Kingdom, and how many patrons each one can count. We should thus approximate to the result which we more particularly desire to attain, what is the number of the regular readers of the new novels. The lovers of fiction comprise a very much more extended class than that to which we refer. There is an enormous section of them who read nothing but the cheap fictions, published in periodical forms, or in the shilling volumes; there is another extensive section who read three-volumed novels borrowed from the circulating library, but who limit their reading almost entirely to the books that are out of season; for be it known that there are in all populous localities many circulating libraries which never buy a new novel, but wait for the refuse of the publishers or the second-hand copies of the larger libraries. Thus weeded, the patrons to whom the novelists and their publishers must look for their reward are comparatively few. Save in the instances of the most famous writers, such as Bulwer, Thackeray, and one or two more, the sale of novels is wholly restricted to the circulating libraries; they are never bought by private purchasers. When, therefore, we hear of the sale of an edition of a thousand copies being considered as an extraordinary success—a thousand, to supply the thirty millions of British subjects in Great Britain and her dependencies!—the marvel is accounted for. The only purchasers, with the most insignificant exceptions, are the circulating libraries, and through them must the fame and fortune of our novelists be achieved.

There is certainly no lack of supply. The writing power keeps pace with the reading power. There are some people who make it a sort of business to race through all the new novels, good, indifferent, and bad. With every allowance for skipping the dialogues and descriptions and soliloquies, they must have enough to do. We supply them with the list of the productions of the busy press and enterprising publishers, and we endeavour to give them such a brief but impartial account of each as may enable those who are not indiscriminate in their appetites to make a choice. It is all we profess to do. Were we to attempt elaborate criticism of each, this department of THE CRITIC would be swollen beyond its due dimensions, to the exclusion of other topics of more interest. Let it be understood then by authors and readers, that it is in this spirit, and with this aim, and with this restriction, that we devote a paper in every number to a notice of the New Novels.

Lady FULLERTON'S *Lady Bird* is a remarkable production in many respects; it is full of vigour as a composition, and there is a freshness and originality in the story most pleasant, amid so many copies of copies as it is our lot continually to wade through for the discharge of our critical duties. Here we do find character distinctly conceived and artistically developed, and description that is something more than a string of fine words without a definite meaning. Then Lady Fullerton writes with a design: she aims at the illustration of great moral and religious lessons; the reader is the wiser and the better for having spent a few hours with *Lady Bird*; he is sure they have not been mis-spent. And what means this title, *Lady Bird*? Know that it is a familiar name given to Gertrude Gifford, who lives with a proud father, an invalid mother, and a brother, at Lifford Grange. In the same village are two children,—Mary Grey, a simple child of nature, and Maurice Redmond, a youth of great musical genius, but indolent, and wanting energy. Here are the materials for a romance. Maurice falls

in love with Gertrude, but engages himself to Mary Grey, and Gertrude does not altogether reject his passion. He is patronised by a Count d'Arberg, who sends him to Italy. On his return he becomes the affianced of Mary, but still with the old passion for Gertrude in his heart, for Gertrude has fallen in love with the Count. She is, however, falsely informed that the Count has become a priest, and thereupon, meeting Maurice accidentally, hears a revelation of his secret passion, and in a fit of indignation accepts him. They marry; with what result might be anticipated. She does not love him, and he discovers that he has been deceived. The trials and troubles they endure, with poverty to aggravate the mischief, are described with terrible truth, and form the most powerful chapters in the work. Gertrude, however, bears all with a sort of dignity of suffering, as if it were a penance for her fault, and thus is the moral wrought and taught. Every circulating library will, of course, order this novel, because it will be read by everybody.

Lady CATHERINE LONG is known to the reading world by a novel of much promise, entitled *Sir Roland Ashton*. That promise is more than performed by *The First Lieutenant's Story*, which has a sort of slight connection with the former, it being the story of the life of one of the characters who figured there. Its purpose is stated to be, to show forth the power of God to sustain under trial and affliction. Perhaps it is a fault that, in doing this, the authoress has been tempted into a little too much sermonising. Dialogues, in which a young lady tries to reason a young gentleman who is in love with her into becoming "a religious character," are somewhat out of place in a novel, and we must confess that the argument is not put in that convincing form which would have been likely to convert any person but a lover; but then Lady C. Long may say with truth that lovers are easily convinced, and therefore she is only true to nature in subduing him so readily. The First Lieutenant, however, tells his story with such a charming simplicity, that we readily forgive this literal adherence to trifling details that would be inadmissible in any other form of fiction than autobiography. The tale is singularly simple; it narrates the early love of the First Lieutenant for his Mary, how he wooed her, through what obstacles and difficulties he pursued her, how he won her at last, and how he lost her and her little boy, and remains in the world a desolate man, but still with God to comfort him: nothing more. The materials are few; it is in the use of them that the authoress is entitled to commendation. To make such a story interesting, as this is, demands more ability in the telling than where the plot is exciting and absorbing. Lady Long has succeeded in her bold enterprise. She has also conquered another difficulty; she has ventured to give to her novel a melancholy ending, contrary to the practice of novelists, and, as we have heard novel-readers declare, in opposition to their taste, which prefers a fortunate conclusion, everybody married and happy who deserves it. There is not much attempt to delineate character, so that no fair judgment of the writer's power in that particular can be formed from it; but the two principal personages are quietly drawn out and established in our regards, affording promise of powers which on a more favourable theme might be developed to an extent probably not contemplated even by the writer.

Tending Cottage is a tale of the smugglers, or rather in which smugglers and smuggling play a prominent part. The scene is laid chiefly on the coast; and we have descriptions of "runs" and such like adventures mingled with the plot. It will be gathered from this that *Tending Cottage* is not a fashionable novel; it is, indeed, quite of the old school of romance, and therefore acceptable, if only as a relief from the eternal repetitions of Lord A. and Lady B., with piebald dialogues, half French, half English, murdering both tongues, which so much of our time is occupied in inspecting; for we cannot pretend to read it all. The author indulges in a plethora of words which it would be wise to restrain, for redundant epithets do not add force, but positively produce feebleness: a truth which so many writers are slow to recognise. Terseness is a valuable quality of composition: in revision you should strike out every superfluous word. If the author before us had done that, his three volumes would indeed have been reduced to two; but what they would have lost in length they would have gained in strength; and if a story can be told in two

volumes there is no reason for making it into three, but the contrary. This is not a novel which we could recommend to readers who require to be at all select in their choice of books; but to the mob of circulating library patrons it will be an agreeable variety in their devourings.

WE have been very much pleased with the writing of a tale entitled *Retail Mammon; or, the Pawnbroker's Daughter*, by HENRY HAYMAN, M.A. (Skeffington.) As a story there is not much to applaud, for its incidents have been employed over and over again in other combinations. But Mr. Hayman writes well; he has a large fund of genuine humour; he sketches character with a few bold strokes that depict it better than the most elaborate minuteness of detail, and when occasion requires he is equally happy in the introduction of touches of true poetry. He truly observes in his preface, "Why should we wipe out inconsistencies, absurdities, or even humour, when we make a study from human nature? The more widely human our books are, the more fit they become to admonish mankind." In this spirit he has written *Retail Mammon*, and the product is worthy of the design.—The new volume of the "Library Edition of the Waverley Novels" contains Scott's most popular and most pleasing romance, *Ivanhoe*. In any form this splendid fiction would be welcome; but it is trebly so when presented in so handsome a shape as we have it here, in large octavo, printed in a bold clear type, on the best paper, an ornament to the library, and a delight for the eye of taste. Moreover it contains all the author's notes, and two engravings of first-rate excellence. It is the 9th volume of the series.—The new volume of the "Parlour Library," which was the parent of the now popular "shilling novels," contains Mr. JAMES'S *A Whim and its Consequences*, one of the best of the author's later works, because it is not quite such a repetition of himself as many of them.—Mrs. STOWE has permitted one "Aunt Mary" to adapt for children a renowned book which she has named *A Peep into Uncle Tom's Cabin* (Sampson Low), to which the authoress has prefixed a preface of recommendation.—From the Rev. C. B. TAYLER we have received an interesting little tale entitled *Truth; or Persis Chareton* (Low), a narrative of Church History in the Seventeenth Century. It is a religious tract of unusual length.—Among the minor works of fiction which Christmas has called forth in unwonted abundance, we have to notice briefly some that were late in arriving. Miss A. H. DREYER, who created some sensation by a tale entitled *Eastbury*, has just published another, which promises to be no less popular, as it is certainly not less pleasing, entitled *Light and Shade; or, the Young Artist* (Pickering). It is a deeply interesting tale of real life, told with the same pathos and the same descriptive power that distinguished her former production.—*Nina; a Tale for the Twilight*, by S. M. (Hoby), is a bit of Spanish romance, sought to be turned to a religious purpose. It is an interesting story, but the moral is made a little too prominent. It should be insinuated, not trumpeted in every page.—*The Fortunes of the Coleville Family*, by F. E. SMEDLEY, author of *Frank Fairleigh, &c.* (Hoby), is remarkable for the excellence of the writing. The story has little to recommend it, for it is extremely common-place, but the writing is very much out of the common, singularly forcible though plain and unaffected, with a pleasant touch—just a flavour—of the humorous about it. Here also is a moral pursued somewhat too obviously, but not so officiously thrust forward as in the book last noticed. There are some clever illustrations by Phiz.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

The Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes.
London: Routledge.

AMERICA presents two mental features which it is difficult to reconcile by common rules. No country has a literature so rapidly and at the same time so grandly growing, and no thoroughly civilised nation has a newspaper press so paltry and insignificant. The political journals, if they may be dignified by such a title, are types of the worst features and the coarsest personality of the genus American, whilst the literature of the New World is a noble exposition of broad principles and universal truths, all indicating and advancing the glories of humanity. With us newspapers are the educators of the people, inasmuch as they are the demonstrators of large principles. Even those which appear to oppose the popular idea of progress have yet a dignity and a seriousness that cannot be lightly treated. With our transatlantic brethren it is widely different. With them a newspaper is little better than a vehicle of trivialities and bathos, a fact over which we smile, but which no more represents the grandeur of American intelligence than the impassable shadow of Hercules could convey to us the force of his active arm, or the power of his descending club. It would not be difficult to find

reasons for this apparent anomaly were it to our purpose; but our design has only been to show that the greatness of American mind is unrepresented in her political journals. These are her scraps, the mere crumbs and husks which fall from the richer banquet of her mind. In her literature shines the sun of her real genius. Every year would seem to increase its effulgence, the latest not by any means the least, since it heralds the name of Harriet Beecher Stowe. When America is entirely pure from the slave-spot, how proudly she will point to her gifted daughter and say—Behold how God has chosen the most eloquent missionary of humanity from the ranks of our women! Behold how the delicate in form has been selected to represent the majesty of Truth! Not here would we anatomise the literary defects of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—for grave defects it has—but we have incidentally mentioned the name of its author, because she represents an entirely different phase of literature from OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. These two exhibit the breadth and capacity of American mind in the same degree as they are removed in their individual style. Mrs. Beecher Stowe represents the persuasive, the emphatic, and the denunciative, whilst Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose book we have before us, is the personal of the witty, the satirical, and the droll. Though chiefest among those who seek to please by their wit and humour, there is yet a higher tone in the writings of Mr. Holmes. Simple in manner and method, and unembarrassing in the mechanism of the verse, there is yet, as in the best portion of Thomas Hood, that largeness of meaning that is scarcely accessible to the understanding. Beside the keenness of the wit which speaks to the intellect lies the broadness of the feeling which appeals to the heart. We have so many glimpses of a pantaloons patched with mourning garments, so many pantomimic views of pain and decay clothed in the jacket of a clown, that we read and laugh out of our tears. This peculiarity in Holmes and in Hood looks like a gait of genius, but intrinsically it is the solemn march of power, the greatest, we think, of all power, because it involuntarily teaches large truths while it seems to be only expending a surplus of animal spirits. From the book before us we will furnish an example of our meaning.

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before
As he pass'd by the door,
And again
The pavement-stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.
They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.
But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets,
Sad and wan;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."
The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.
My grandmamma has said,—
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago,—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.
But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.
I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-corner'd hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!
And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,—
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

Though in effect the powers may be similar, yet Mr. Holmes is no resuscitation of Thomas Hood, but an original and collateral phase of the same constructive mind. The charm of his pathos is its freshness and newness—the excellence of his humour is its virgin delicacy. This, the first English edition of Mr. Holmes's poems, we welcome as it truly deserves; it is an im-

ported gem to grace our bookshelves. The author commenced his intellectual career in life by the study of the law, but it appears that he soon relinquished this for the more congenial study of medicine. Such was the rapidity of his success, that in a very brief time he was elected Professor of Anatomy and Physiology. It is an interesting fact that Harvard University now numbers among its professors two of the best poets of America—Holmes and Longfellow. The ghastly features of anatomy seem never to have engrafted themselves on the playfulness of his fancy. In a recent notice of Thomas Lovell Beddoes, a man equally eminent as an anatomist and a poet, we showed how the cold repulsive face of death stood ever peeping from behind the screen of flowers which he set before our gaze. No apparition of this kind glares through the fanciful musings of Holmes. He is often grotesque, but never morbidly dismal. He never kisses the ripe lips of the Muse as if he were saluting a ghastly skeleton. He addresses and endeavours to instruct mankind because he believes that life ought to be a cheerful thing, and not because he has gazed and practised on the miserable remains of mortality. Miss Mitford's description of Dr. Holmes is extremely amusing, and we doubt not very correct. She asserts that the doctor buzzes about like a bee, or flutters like a humming-bird; that he is exceedingly difficult to catch, unless he be really wanted for some kind act, and then you are sure of him.

(We know of no cant so absurd as that which infers the non-originality of American poets. If Dr. Holmes is not original, all we can say is, that he looks amazingly like it) as much as Hermione's statue resembled Hermione. (In an eminent degree he possesses pathos and passion, wit that flashes like a bright naked sword, and fancy sufficient to do the whimsical biddings of Oberon. But these qualities, so essential in a poet, would scarcely place Dr. Holmes in the rank of first-class minds; but what more is needed he happens to possess, namely, the faculty of invention.) Dr. Holmes's fame rests upon a broader basis than the humorous. For vividness of description and truth of observation his *Astræa* has few parallels in the language. We shall conclude our notice by subjoining the "Lines on lending a Punch Bowl," which Miss Mitford says, and we cordially agree with her, "are worth all the temperance songs in the world for inculcating temperance."

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL.

This ancient silver bowl of mine, it tells of good old times,
Of joyous days, and jolly nights, and merry Christmas
chimes;

They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave, and true,
That dip'd the ladle in the punch when this old bowl was
new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar (so runs the ancient tale);
'Twas hammer'd by an Antwerp smith whose arm was like
a flail;

And now and then between the strokes, for fear his strength
should fail,

He wiped his brow and quaff'd a cup of good old Flemish ale.
'Twas purchased by an English squire to please his loving
dame,

Who saw the cherubs and conceived a longing for the same;
And oft, as on the ancient stock another twig was found,
'Twas filled with caudle spiced and hot, and handed smoking
round.

But, changing hands, it reach'd at length a Puritan divine,
Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little wine,
But hated punch and prelaty; and so it was, perhaps,
He went to Leyden, where he found conventicles and
schnapps.

And then—of course you know what's next—he left the
Dutchman's shore

With those that in the *Mayflower* came—a hundred souls and
more—

Along with all the furniture to fill their new abodes,—
To judge by what is still on hand, at least a hundred loads.

'Twas on a dreary winter's eve, the night was closing dim,
When old Miles Standish took the bowl and fill'd it to the
brim;

The little captain stood and stirr'd the posset with his sword,
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were ranged about the board.

He pour'd the fiery Hollands in—the man that never fear'd;
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his yellow
beard:

And one by one the masketeers—the men that fought and
pray'd—

All drunk as 'twere their mother's milk,—and not a man
afraid!

That night, affrighted from his nest, the screaming eagle
flew,—

He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's wild
halloo:

And there the sachem learn'd the rule he taught to kith and
kin,—

"Run from the white man when you find he smells of Hol-
lands gin."

A hundred years and fifty more had spread their leaves and
snows,

A thousand rubs had flatten'd down each little cherub's nose,
When once again the bowl was fill'd,—but not in mirth or
joy;

'Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her parting boy.

"Drink, John," she said; "twill do you good. Poor child,
you'll never bear
This working in the dismal trench out in the midnight air;
And if—God bless me!—you were hurt, 'twould keep away
the chill!"
So John *did* drink; and well he fought that night at Bun-
ker's-hill!

I tell you there was generous warmth in good old English
cheer;

I tell you 'twas a pleasant thought to bring its symbol here.
'Tis but the fool that loves excess;—*hast thou a drunken soul?*
Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl!

I love the memory of the past—its press'd yet fragrant
flowers,

The moss that clothes its broken walls, the ivy on its towers;
Nay, this poor bauble it bequeathed: my eyes grow moist
and dim

To think of all the vanish'd joys that danced around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to me;
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid be;
And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the sin
Which dooms one to the dreadful words: "My dear, where
have you been?"

The Nations, by THOMAS H. STERLING, is an appeal in rhyme on behalf of peace. But when we have a dangerous neighbour the surest way to preserve peace is to be prepared for war. Mr. Sterling would, perhaps, have been more effective if he had written in prose, for he is eloquent and energetic, and the world prefers to be lectured in prose rather than in verse.—Among the many tributes from real and sham poets to the memory of the Duke, the Rev. ROBERT MONTGOMERY bears away the palm, even from the Laureat. His *Hero's Funeral* (Routledge), is certainly the best poem on this fruitful theme that has yet appeared. It is a description in varied verse of the solemn rites of the Funeral, each section portraying a distinct portion of the scene—as "the Dawn," "the Charger," "the Military Scene," "the Funeral Car," and so forth. It abounds in passages of true poetry, of which this is a fair specimen:

MILITARY SCENE.

Hark! again the muffled drum,
While the plumed Battalions come,
Timing deep their measured tread,
To the March surmanned the Dead,
Six in file, in single rank,
Ringing out a hollow clank:
Mingle with the martial scene
Mailed Guard and red Marine;
Foot and Horse Artillery,
And brigades of Infantry.
For thus each Regiment set its type to show
Some fitting token of funeral woe;
And when, to end the vast array,
Hussar and Lancer lined the way,
The wailing Piper next a pibroch blew
And coronach that thrill'd the soul of Feeling through.

A third edition has appeared of *The Highlands, the Scottish Martyrs, and other Poems*, by the Rev. J. S. SMALL, of Bervie, N.B.; therefore it is out of our critical jurisdiction. We have but to announce it as a fact in the literary history of the time.—Mr. PATRICK SCOTT has published a strange poem which he calls *Love in the Moon, with Remarks on that Luminary*—the remarks being, to our taste, the best part of the volume. We do not like scientific poems; science is most aptly expressed in plain prose. We could never relish Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*, and we cannot enjoy this poetry of the moon. Not that Mr. Scott is deficient in any of the mechanism of poetry; on the contrary, he is accomplished in the art of versification; he is wanting only in that which is the essence of poetry—poetical thoughts, as distinguished from poetical expression. If he will favour the world with a theory of habitancy of the moon in prose, it will be likely, we think, to find more readers than this theory in verse.—The Hon. JULIAN FANE has issued a second edition of his *Poems* with some additions. We have already noticed them as being graceful compositions of a refined and feeling mind.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Drawing-Room Table Book. By the Author of "Mary Powell." Virtue and Co.

A BEAUTIFUL annual, so far as the decorations are concerned, and this is all that people care for in an annual. It is designed to please the eye; and so that the eye be pleased by good engravings, handsome print, and a splendid binding, the object of a gift-book or a drawing-room table ornament is attained. Nobody cares about the literature of such a book, very few indeed even attempt to read a line of it. No wonder, therefore, that editor and author are careless in their department, and that compositions find a place which would not be admitted anywhere else, save, perhaps, the Poet's Corner of a country newspaper. Just so it is with this "Drawing Room Table Book." It is rich in art, poor in literature. The engraver, the printer, and the binder, have done everything for it, the writers nothing. It contains twenty-seven engravings, some of uncommon excellence, all good; many after great pictures—as Etty's "Cupid and Psyche," West's "Alfred" Lee's, "Homeward Bound," Murillo's "Flower-Girl," Eastlake's "Bonaparte on board the Bellerophon," the latest European likeness of the great Emperor, Etty's "Coral Finders," Calcott's "Benevolent Cottagers," Land-

seer's "Intruder," Uwins's "Dancing Lesson," MacIise's "Salvator," and others of lesser fame—forming altogether quite a gallery of art, at a cost, in this collected shape, considerably less than would be that of one-third the number of similar engravings bought separately. Each is illustrated by a string of very respectable verses, or a dramatic scene, but none of which have any pretension to be termed poetry. They are precisely such as one always finds in annuals.

The Calling and Responsibilities of a Governess, by AMICA, is an attempt to teach governesses what are their duties—what qualifications are required of them, the difficulties they have to encounter, and how to surmount them; with some remarks on manners, dress, and economy. Good sense has dictated all the useful advice here given.—The Rev. Dr. OLIVER, who is the Dr. Johnson of the Freemasons, has just published *A Dictionary of Symbolical Masonry*, which we recommend—to all who can understand it.—*Religion and Education in Relation to the People*, by J. A. LANGFORD, is an energetic appeal on behalf of a purely sectarian national education.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The *Westminster Review* is the most important of the periodicals of the new year. The most interesting of the eight articles it contains is that upon "Mormonism and the Mormons;" the most practically useful, because it deals with a question of immediate moment, and is handled by a pen which we think we recognise as that of a lady famous for her political economy, is on "the Condition and Prospects of Ireland." It is full of hope, anticipating a bright future for that country after its long prostration, a combination of circumstances promising ameliorations in every shape, the progress of social improvement with the decline of political agitation. Another paper of considerable practical value treats the entire question of "Charity," than which there is nothing so abused and so liable to abuse, and this writer endeavours successfully to point out the time at which it ceases to be beneficent and becomes noxious. Mr. C. Matthews's brochure is the text of an article on "the English Stage," in which the various projects for its advancement are considered. "American Slavery" is treated of by the *Westminster*, as by every other English periodical, under the stimulus of Uncle Tom; but the writer can only denounce—he does not offer any practical solution of the difficulty. The learned paper of the number is upon "the Atomic Theory before Christ and since;" and "Daniel Webster," his life, politics, and party, is the theme of the concluding article, which is written with great ability, and the tone and spirit of which cannot be too much commended. Strange to say, there is scarcely a trace of one of the *Westminster's* isms in this new number.

Blackwood's Magazine opens the new year with the commencement of a new fiction, and almost the close of an old one. "Lady Lee's Widowhood," of which we have the first part only, is extremely smart and amusing; and Bulwer's "My Novel" amply sustains the fame of the author. "Slavery in America" is an interesting statistical examination of that question, which, however easy of solution to us, is not so readily settled by those whose lives and fortunes are at stake. "Moore's Life" does not make so good an article as we had anticipated from *Blackwood's* usual skill in dealing with biographies. A "Letter to Eusebius" discourses pleasantly of many things. The political paper of the month treats of the defeat of the Ministry and the duties of Conservatives at this crisis.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* begins the new year with an account of King Charles the First in the Isle of Wight, and some original letters by Benjamin Franklin. A curious paper is an account of a journey from London to Paris in 1736 by Sir Alexander Dick. Bart. It presents a vivid picture of the difficulties of travelling in those days. He says of Paris, "the ladies are all painted, and the red of their cheeks has a very flaming appearance: the married ladies chiefly being laid on without mercy, which makes a sad havoc with natural beauty." The Necrology is very perfect.

Tomlinson's Cyclopaedia of Useful Arts, Part XXVIII. advances as far as the word "organ." It abounds in engravings and is thoroughly practical in its treatment of the various topics.

The fifth volume of the *Family Economist* presents a vast quantity of well-selected reading, in addition to the utilities.

The fourth part of the *Cyclopaedia Bibliographica* is a wonderfully laborious work, steadily advancing to completion.

The *Church of England Magazine* contains its usual variety of religious and literary information, with an engraving of Truro Church.

The *Ladies' Companion* has a portrait of the Hon. Julia Maynard, and articles by Miss Pardoe, Mrs. Abdy, Mrs. Crosland, the Editress, and others of repute.

The *Sporting Review* for January has a portrait of Robinson the jockey, and sketches of a Scotch Terrier and of a Fox and Cubs. The literature is not so

good, but its collection of sporting intelligence is very valuable.

The Farmer's Magazine condenses all the information practically useful to the agriculturist, with portraits of famous cattle and such like.

The British Journal for January has some clever papers, as "the Reminiscences of a Retired Merchant," but it wants individuality; it offers no original features to attract the reader.

The Scottish Magazine opens the year under new auspices with a new Editor, and it is certainly improved.

The Art Journal for January has two engravings from the Vernon Gallery, Ward's "South Sea Bubble," and Leslie's "Uncle Toby and the Widow," with a fine drawing of Bell's statuary group, "the Children in the Wood." It opens with an article on a new theme in which it might do good service, "on Dress as a Fine Art," by Mrs. Merrifield. Nicholas Poussin is "the Old Master" selected for illustration; and "the Progress of Art Manufactures," and "the Domestic Manners of the English in the Middle Ages," are the other papers illustrated.

The new number of *Dr. Winslow's Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology*, one of the most valuable publications of the day, has a variety of useful and interesting papers, among which we would especially direct attention to that on "the Epidemic Mental Diseases of Children," on "the Treatment of Criminal Lunatics," on "Bethlem Hospital," on "Mind and the Emotions." The subject to which this periodical is devoted is of extreme

importance, and yet it is almost neglected; in this journal only does it find full discussion.

Hogg's Instructor for January contains its usual variety of essay, tale, natural history, and reading at once amusing and instructive.

Dr. Kitto's Journal of Sacred Literature has lately commenced a new series, and is very greatly improved. It is not quite so learned; it is more popular in its aims; there is greater variety, and a better judgment in the selection of subjects. The new number is adorned with divers engravings, illustrating an article on the "Pantheon of the Rephaim." Another paper of temperate theological discussion is that on "Auricular Confession," which also has a more than common interest at this time. "Hippolytus and his Age" are treated of by a scholar who has dived into the past, and not been contented with merely fishing in it here and there. Of popular interest also is the opening paper on the question "Why have the Greek and Roman Writers so rarely alluded to Christianity?" We congratulate the editor on the progress he has made.

The 4th and 5th parts of Tallis's handsome edition of *Cook's Voyages* contain coloured maps of New Zealand and Polynesia, and numerous spirited woodcuts. It is the most truly national edition of the great voyager's narrative.

The Portrait Gallery, Part XIII. contains portraits and memoirs of Leibnitz, William III. Somers, Marlborough, Fenelon, Halley, and Bentley.

Parts IX. and X. complete Addey's illustrated translation of *Grimm's Household Stories*.

Thompson's English Flower Garden, No. XIII. should be in the possession of every possessor of a garden who loves flowers. It presents him with four coloured engravings of beautiful flowers, with minute instructions for their cultivation, and other useful information for the amateur horticulturist.

The January number of *The Charm*, a magazine for boys and girls, has attractive tales, narratives, and illustrations of peculiar beauty by good artists.

The Archaeologia Cambrensis is a record of the antiquities of Wales and its Marches, published quarterly. The January number contains many papers of local interest.

The Freemason's Quarterly Magazine is probably attractive to the craft of whose doings it makes an extensive collection. Original papers also add to its attractions. To the world without all is mystery.

The 8th part of *The Crystal Palace* continues this valuable collection of engravings of its most remarkable objects. Here are represented a view of a whole compartment, and of four of the most important sculptures.

The Picture Pleasure Book, No. XIX., is a sort of album for youth, consisting entirely of well-executed woodcuts on a variety of subjects, just such as children love, and this is made instructive also.

The new number of Chapman and Hall's *Reading for Travellers* is a sketch of the history of "Magic and Witchcraft," which abounds in curious research into a curious and humiliating phenomenon of human ignorance, folly, and frailty.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

THE last two numbers of that ever active and vigilant miscellany, the *Revue des deux Mondes*, contain the opening instalments of a series of historico-literary papers, from the pen of M. Cuheval-Clarigny, which promise to be rather interesting, their subject being: "The Press of the Nineteenth Century." The two commencing papers of the series comprise a sketch of "The Press in England: its intellectual and commercial organization," founded on the instructive but ill-digested *Fourth Estate* of Mr. Knight Hunt, the present editor of *The Daily News*, and the recent *Report of the House of Commons' Newspaper Stamp Committee*. It is surprising to see how a foreigner, like M. Cuheval-Clarigny, instinctively seizes on the salient points and persons in the History of the British Press, and at once indicates the true cause of its so-called "liberty"—the use, namely, which each of the two great parties in the state found it could make of Journalism, and the consequent pardon which each gradually learned to extend to the "unlicensed printing" of the organs of its opponents. For the rest, the French Reviewer is full of admiration and astonishment when he contemplates the vast expenditure and activity of a London daily newspaper, as detailed (sometimes rather exaggeratedly) by Mr. Hunt. Of the London Morning newspapers, he thinks the *Chronicle* the most varied and entertaining; but laughs at the ignorance and *commérages* of its Paris correspondent. He is astonished to find *The Daily News*, founded by the "brilliant" Dickens, sinking into the organ of the National Reform Association. And on the whole, as regards matters-of-fact which Mr. Knight Hunt has been silent on, Mr. Cuheval-Clarigny would have written more correctly on the present *personnel* of the English press, had he made himself acquainted with the lucubrations of Mr. Herodotus Smith:—thus he gravely assures the French public that the "actual" editor of his favourite paper, *The Morning Chronicle*, is a "Mr. Henri Williams Wills." The singular position in the press adopted by *The Times* does not, of course, escape without observation and comment; and the French writer seems a little puzzled what verdict to pass on the theory that an "independent" journal should veer, like a weathercock, with every shifting of the popular *aura*. "Certainly," says the Reviewer, "to be the organ of public opinion solely is a very strong position for a journal to occupy. With a whole people behind you, you may make head against many adversaries. But just as the mirror is faithful only in so far as it reproduces all the variations of the object presented to it, so the journalist cannot be always in perfect harmony with the course of popular ideas, unless he follow the crowd in the whole movement of its impressions. This is a different slavery from the

one against which *The Times* protests, but it too has its evils and its dangers. The perpetual variability which we must put up with and forgive from the multitude,—shall we pardon it in a journal or a journalist? Among the higher and more intelligent classes, has not the authority of *The Times* already suffered from the brusque evolutions which are justified by that journal only on the plea of a necessity imposed upon it to remain in a community of sentiment with the public? Rising to a higher point of view, we may inquire whether the mob is always in the right, and must we follow it even in its errors?"

The same review contains the first of a series of articles, entitled *Promenade en Amérique* ("Stroll in America"), by M. Ampère, of the Institute, the well-known miscellaneous writer. M. Ampère's American Stroll is not to have for its object the study of the political or social institutions, arrangements, or aspects of the States, so much as to sketch its literati, artists, and men of science, and thus do for America what Madame de Stael did for Germany. In his first paper, M. Ampère gives his impressions of intellectual New England, and its Charles Sumner, adopted Agassiz, Ticknor, Longfellow, Felton, &c. &c. Of a novel and gigantic literature, to be vast and wonderful as the forests, prairies, and rivers of America, M. Ampère has no expectation, sensibly remarking that the new American literature may be democratic in its idea, but as regards form must model itself on that of the Old World. "The Literature of the United States," he says, in conclusion, "will not certainly be a new world, but it will be one province more in the vast empire of civilised literatures."

The hybernal literary movement of the States seems this year to be taking the shape of lecturing rather than of book-publishing; at least we meet with nothing in the latter department worth even a passing mention, while course after course of lectures by eminent public men is being advertised as about to be delivered at New York. Thackeray has finished his first course with adroit compliments to his "gallant young patrons of the Mercantile Literary Association," and proceeds to Boston, where Sir Charles Lyell has finished his task, and whence he is homeward bound. Dr. Robinson, the well-known author of *Biblical Researches* in Palestine, recently returned from a second and exhaustive tour in the Holy Land, is promising his countrymen great things in the way of new topographical and antiquarian results, and boasts that, with the exception of Jerusalem, not a single place in Syria visited in his first tour had been visited in his second. The only other American literary fact to be recorded is the appearance of No. I. of Putnam's *Monthly Magazine of American Literature, Science, and Art*, written, for the most part, in that shadowy style which Young America takes to be

the acme of fine writing. The articles are anonymous, but it is not difficult to recognize the pens of Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Thoreau at work in it; and in "getting up" and general ability let us admit that it does credit to the periodical literature of America,—the worst on the face of the globe.

The French critics and reviewers complain that their literature is being absorbed by the newspaper, and that their booksellers will now publish nothing which has not passed the ordeal of an appearance in a *feuilleton*. Whether this, or as some maintain, the new imperial régime be the true cause, we shall leave undecided, contentedly (or discontentedly) chronicling the universally-admitted fact that the present is the most unproductive literary winter that Paris has known within the memory of its oldest inhabitant. Victor Hugo is said to be at work on a new philippic and a new poem, and Eugene Sue drives with the old industry his novelistic quill; but Jersey and Savoy are not France; nor is anything very consolatory in the tidings that the noisy Proudhon is preparing a *History of Modern Democracy*, or, still more alarming, a *Principles of Philosophy*. In the general dullness, the great Alexandre Dumas steps forth with the magnificent announcement of a new novel of novels, which is to cast all his other fictions into the shade, and to embody the thoughts and feelings of his whole lifetime in eighteen volumes of unparalleled fiction. Alexandre, years ago, meditated this *magnum opus*, and planned it in eight volumes, which he sold (in conception) to Charpentier, the publisher; but, soon after bethinking himself, he bought back his conception, and now extending it to eighteen volumes, has sold it to the *Constitutionnel*, where its opening chapters have been published. Its title is "Isaac Laquedem," and its subject is—"The Wandering Jew! There are to be six novels within the novel, and six civilisations are to be delineated in it. Let us only add that the most sacred personages of the Old and New Testament are freely introduced talking and acting, as in the ancient mediæval mysteries!"

In Germany, a Cassel and a Berlin bookseller respectively have brought out translations of Mr. D'Israeli's *Lord George Bentinck* and Miss Martineau's *History of the Thirty Years' Peace*. Of original contributions to history and biography two of some interest are beginning to make their appearance. The one is a Vienna publication, by Adolf Franz Berger, *Prince Felix Schwarzenberg*, a biography of the Schwarzenberg who was Generalissimo at Leipzig, and whose mother was memorably burnt to death at Napoleon's ball. Herr Berger has published only a first volume, and this moreover narrates the Prince's career to no later a date than 1824, most of it being taken up with a history of the Schwarzenbergs from the

earliest period to the present time—an interesting monograph of the rise and gradual aggrandisement of one of those great families in whose hands, despite a nominal Imperialism, is vested the government of Austria. The other work comes from the Stuttgart press: *Heinrich Eberhard Gottlob Paulus und seine Zeit* (H. E. G. Paulus and his Age), a life and correspondence of a once well-celebrated German Theologian, founder of that Rationalistic school which has been swept away by the fiercer negations of the Strausses, Feuerbachs, and Bauers. The author is Baron von Ruchlin-Meldegg, who enjoyed the friendship of Paulus for twenty years, and, besides being his testamentary biographer and literary executor, is a man of distinction in the German theological world. Of his work likewise only a first volume has been published; when completed it will include Paulus's diaries, and a correspondence embracing letters to and from the supremacies of German literature, Goethe, Schiller, Richter, &c. &c.

A third volume of Berthold Auerbach's *Schwarzwälder Dorfgeschichte* (*Village Tales from the Black Forest*) has made amends for his failure in his last novel of *Neues Leben*, where, leaving the simple portraiture of rural life, he embarked on a sea of social and political speculation. The new volume contains two tales, *The Life of Diethelm von Buchenberg*, and *Brori and Mini*; the first a tragic story of guilt and its discovery, the other an idyllic picture of rustic happiness and activity; and thus the two afford an artistic contrast.

SWITZERLAND.

Der Arme Mann im Tockenburg [*The Poor Man of Toggenburg*, published from the Original Manuscripts by] EDUARD BULOW. Leipzig. 12mo.

WE wish that we could communicate to the reader a portion of the pleasure we have experienced in the perusal of this singular and interesting little volume. We have not enjoyed such a hearty meal of laughter since the days we made the acquaintance of *Mansie Waugh*, with this advantage, that the *Tailor of Dalkeith* is an altogether apocryphal, while the *Poor Man of Toggenburg* is an altogether veritable, character. If we cannot make the reader a full participant in our pleasure, it is because we cannot transfer the humour and genuine simplicity of the narrative as it is told in the homely German of a Swiss Canton into another tongue. We shall do our best, however, to make him acquainted with our "Poor Man," who, it appears, made his bow to the world once before, but so long ago that by the world he has been quite forgotten.

"In 1768 I began this autobiography and journal." So writes ULRIK BRAEKER, cotton-weaver and man of many troubles, in the thirty-third year of his age and seventh of his married life. We mention the last date, because we suspect that we owe the book to the seven years' conjugal apprenticeship. "We were coupled," says Braeker, "on All-Saints' day (1761). Herr Pastor Seelmaater made us a fine sermon, and tied the knot. And so there was an end to my freedom, and the beginning almost of my strife." We have taken a passage from the middle of the book as a preface to it, as it is sometimes curious to know what agencies induce a man to become an author.

Ulric Braeker begins the story of his life with a perfect belief that he must have entered the world by ordinary generation.

Of my forefathers I know nothing, except that I must have had such. I know that I had a father and a mother. My late father I knew for many years, and my mother is living still. That these had their parents I can readily fancy.

Braeker's father was a poor man; indeed, all the Braekers had been poor from time immemorial, save and except one of the name, "my grandfather's brother," who rose to fill the office of sexton. Our Braeker had his *avatar* in December, 1735. "I appeared in the world a little bit too soon," he writes, "but for that my parents must be answerable." Nine more followed him, if that was their answering for it. In his first-born the father had in the beginning small pleasure: "I was such a poor, miserable little brat,—nothing but a bag of bones, he often told me, and I squalled night and day till people could hear me out in the woods." When first breeched he was more acceptable to his sire,—a rough man, but kind in his way; an honest man, with an awkward habit of getting into debt, and then

struggling like a son of Anak to get out of it again, but rarely succeeding; a religious man, whose enthusiasm never ran higher than in believing with the author of a book of prophecy, entitled *The Flighty Father*,—so at least we take the liberty of interpreting *Die Flüchtige Pater*,—on the near approach of the Day of Judgment His enthusiasm, however, appears to have been of a mild character. The nightly readings in this prophet of woe alarmed the son in his boyhood, but appeared to gratify the father, of whom, writes the former: "I think he was pleased to believe that then his debts would be wiped out." The book moreover spake of a Canaan and Land of Promise, which entered into the faith of the elder Braeker: but by these the son discovered that he understood Carolina and Pennsylvania, and that his Egypt and Land of Bondage was Toggenburg,—a family and empty pockets. So far of the father, an industrious saltpetre-boiler, but somehow industrious in the wrong direction, bringing little mouths into the world meanwhile, and always in trouble.

Ulric in his young days fared on the whole pretty well; had a fair share of petting from his dame, and a fair share of the rod from his sire: "this latter was necessary, though I did not then think so." He admits having been a lazy dog, not over fond of field-work, such as potato-hoeing, that root in his younger days having been first introduced into his quarter of Switzerland. He was more at home tending his father's goats. This was a fine free life; but not free from occasionally unpleasant adventures. *The Bible*, *The Flighty Prophet*, and some stray books of history, formed his taste for reading. That and his writing came both "by nature." As an experimental philosopher he nearly blew out his eyes with gunpowder, and at one time made himself dog-sick in learning to smoke tobacco. Good Heinrich Naef, of Zurich, who, he doubts not, has gone to heaven, taught him the catechism, and made him feel that under his tattered jacket he had a heart which it behoved him to keep with all diligence, if he would be a happy man. So the lad grew up, assisting his father to boil saltpetre-earth, hoe potatoes, grub up trees, hackle hemp, and card cotton-wool; making occasional digressions into woods, or climbing mountains, or wading streams, or performing some break-neck exploit in pursuit of the sublime and beautiful. He was a poet, and did not know it.

And now came that period of life which is fair or foul, according to circumstances; sweet or bitter, gay or gloomy, a prize or a blank.

When I came to be about twenty years, I began to suspect that there were two sexes in the world. My master had a pretty little daughter, but shy as a hare. It was a true delight to me to look upon her, but why I could not tell. Some years after she married a boorish fellow, who brought her a house full of children, and then, like a rogue, left her. The poor child! Then our neighbour Uli had a step-daughter, Annette, whom I could visit every Sunday.

Here ensues a rare love tale, but which we must dole out sparingly. Ulric never knows that he is in love with Annette until his mother, like a silly, proud body, tells him so, for Annette was a village beauty. Henceforth it was all heaven whenever he was in her society, but such a heaven as sealed up his lips. He confesses:

Every time I saw Annette I cast sheep's-eyes at her; but that I should dare to say a word about love to her—oh! for all the world's goods I had not heart to do that.

He saw her at an Easter Fair: indeed, he sneaked after her there, to see her dance in her pretty Zurich costume, he the while concealing himself in a corner. "The heart of Herod never beat so high when he saw the daughter of Herodias dance. Ah! what a pretty, neat child, said I to myself. Ah! great booby, it will never be thy luck in this life to obtain such a child; she is far, far too good for thee." If our hero was shy, his Annette appears to have laboured under no such failing. She perceived him in his retreat, and advancing took him kindly by the hand and spoke. But let the "poor man" tell his own tale.

"Uli," said she, "just lead me out to one dance!" Red as fire, I replied—"I can't, Annette! Indeed I can't!"

"Then treat me to a half measure" (of wine, we presume), she continued, but I knew not whether in jest or in earnest.

"You are not in earnest, sweet!" I returned. And she—

"Soul of mine, I am in earnest."

Then I, pale as death—"Soul of mine, Annette, I dare not to-day! Another time I would willingly, but now I dare not."

The fact is, that our friend was in that disagreeable condition in which the swain finds himself, who would be generous to his mistress, but who has not the means. He had only a few miserable batzen—small coppers—when he started for the fair, and these, we suspect, he disbursed in lollipops. Annette was not to be put off, however. She overtook him on his way back to the village, when the following dialogue takes place:—

Coming behind me, she cried—"Uli! Uli! Now we are alone. Do come, now, and treat me to a half-measure!"

"As you will," said I; and thereupon we walked on for a few minutes in silence. "Annette! Annette!" I began, at last, "I must frankly tell you that I have no money. Believe me, I would gladly, and then conduct you home!"

"Oh, but then I have to fear my father."

"Truly, Annette! it would be the first time. I have never yet learned to treat a maiden to wine, and now, however gladly I would so, I can and dare not; though in God's world there is none dearer than thyself. Another time, if you will only wait until I have got money."

"Stuff and nonsense, little fool!" interrupted Annette, "thy father will say nothing, and I shall be answerable for thee to thy mother myself. Look, now, where the hare runs! Money? A plague take money! I care neither for drink nor money;"—and here she opened her pocket. "There! I think you will find enough there to do what is customary. If it were the fashion, I would rather pay for you than that you should pay for me!"

Bah! There stood I, like butter in the sun. At length, with fear and trembling I gave Annette my hand, and so went right into the village, and entered the "Angel." All was black and blue before my eyes when I entered the room with her, and when I felt that everybody was looking at us. Nevertheless, I thought once more—heaven and earth! he must be a lucky lad who has such a pretty maiden by his side. We drank our measure, neither too fast nor too slow; of prattle, I do not think that too was to be charged to my account. Delighted, and thoroughly glowing with wine and love, I conducted the glorious child to her own door. Not one kiss? Not one step over the threshold? I swear it: no!

Of course he had magnificent dreams of Annette that night, who on this and on other occasions proved herself the better wooer. He would fain have spoken to her next day and on days after, but could never summon up sufficient courage; and so he set himself about acquiring the *ars amandi*,—poor innocent!

Meanwhile I made the acquaintance of some neighbouring lads who had sweethearts, to learn of them on the sly how to set about these fine things, and how best to please the maidens. Once I took my heart in both hands, and made inquiries of them on the subject; but they only laughed at me, and told me such foolish and incredible stuff that I did not know whether I stood on my head or my heels. Meanwhile my love-tale, which I fain would have kept to myself, became known to the whole neighbourhood, and especially to the women, who jeered me, whenever I went about, as if I had been an Iclander.

The courtship, however, proceeds, and is a droll affair. Annette invites him to a *tête-à-tête* in her father's house, and all goes off fairly. But the "course of true love"—there is no need to finish the quotation.

At church I had more eyes for her than the parson. But one Sunday evening I saw a tailor-lad conduct Annette to her home. My blood rose in an instant, and all the juices in my limbs were in uproar. Half demented I flew after the tailor, and would have throttled him on the spot; but an entreating look from Annette held me back!

And then he swears an entire litany against all the tailors in the universe. But we must skip various incidents, and shall only add at this point that, when Ulric left his home to push his fortune in the world, there was such a watery leave-taking between the pair, such a furnace of sighs, and such vows and protestations of eternal love, as is quite distressing to read about. The manner of his leaving his father's house was this:—A certain Lawrence Aller, a maker and vendor of pitchforks and hay-rakes, but a scamp at the bottom, induces his father to entrust him to his care, under promise of finding him rare employment abroad, where he would soon become a great man, and return booted and spurred like a certain Hans Joggelis, who walks abroad in cocked hat and dressed like a noble, to the envy of all the youth of Wattweil, and whose fortune the said Lawrence pretends to have been the means

of making. There is an affectionate leave-taking of parents and son, and of sisters from the brother, told most artlessly, and with such circumstance of truth that we cannot doubt the narrative for a moment. The father's parting advice is a fine specimen of simplicity of heart and earnestness of soul for his son's true welfare.

"Uli! Uli!" he said, "thou goest away, Uli! I know not where, and as little knowest thou. But Lawrence is a travelled man, and I trust to him, that he will find thee a good nest to sit down in. On thy side be honest and brave, and, if God will, no harm shall befall thee. At present, thou art like an unbaked cake. Give heed and seek to know, and so thou shalt become learned." * * * For thy soul's sake, and for the sake of thy temporal and eternal welfare, forget not thy God. Wherever heaven stands above thee, there He will be with thee. I can only farther commend thee to His almighty protection, and that I shall do continually!" And so we went on a little way further. My heart was soft as wax. For sobbing I could only say, "Yes, father, yes!" and inwardly my heart echoed, "yes, father, yes!" At length, after a pause, he said, "Now, go, in God's name!" and I, "Yes, I will go. God preserve you, dear father and mother—God keep you all, dear brothers and sisters!"

And Uli set out on his *Wanderjahre*.

Lawrence, as we have plainly intimated, was a scamp. His object was to retrain the raw country lad into the Prussian service. Arrived after a tedious and painful journey at Schaffhausen, he became suspicious.

At last we reached Schaffhausen and entered the "Ship." As I fell rather than dismounted from my horse, I was half-lamed, and stood there like a booby. My conductors (he had another besides honest Lawrence) entered a muster-office, on one side, which made me half wild, as I could not make out what they wanted there. When they went up stairs, they told me to wait on the landing a little, entered the room, and after a few minutes called me in. There I saw a tall handsome man, who smiled at me in a very friendly manner. I was thereupon ordered to pull off my shoes, when they placed me against a pillar, under a measure, and stared at me from head to foot. They then said something in private one to the other: and here, to me, poor lad, arose the suspicion, that the two fellows did not mean the best with me. This mistrust was strengthened when I plainly heard the words, "We can do nothing here—we must go elsewhere." "To-day I don't set foot out of this house," said I to myself, "I have still a little money!"

In short, he escaped the clutches of honest Lawrence, and engaged himself as a servant to the "tall handsome man," Johann Markoni, a Polish nobleman, and lieutenant in the Prussian service, who happened to be in these quarters recruiting for the army of Frederic the Great. In the service of the lieutenant the young man fared uncommonly well. He had plenty to eat and drink and very little to do. Equipped in a gold-faced livery, with a smart hat and cockade on his head, which his master taught him how to wear jauntily on one side, with polished boots and a short sword by his flank, the youth ran some risk of growing conceited, especially when he found himself an object of notice to the pretty dark-eyed chambermaids at the various hotels where the lieutenant had temporary abode. His father paid him a visit at Schaffhausen; for honest Lawrence on his return to Wattweil had reported that he had gone down the Rhine in order to go to sea. The meeting was unexpected, and the father was rather startled in the evening to find his son dancing with the cook. The mother subsequently travelled all the way from the Canton of St. Gall to Schaffhausen to see her dear Uli; but he had then gone to another part of the country, and saw her not. The mother, motherlike, left for him a bundle of shirts and a New Testament. Our lieutenant was a good fellow, rather too good a fellow for his own peace and quiet. He was inveigled into gambling by some of the German petty nobility, and paid his losses with King Frederic's recruiting money. He had consequently to "break up his establishment" and to proceed to head quarters. Uli was ordered to proceed with the serjeant and recruits to Berlin, and to await him there. Berlin was reached after a tedious march, and Uli found himself, to his infinite surprise, in the service of His Majesty of Prussia. The fact was, that the lieutenant from the first had hired him as a recruit, and had employed him as a body-servant, until circumstances obliged him to part with him. His grief, his despair, on finding himself a soldier against his will, he well describes. He was soon eased of his money and clothes, and reduced to the hard fare of the Prussian soldier. Then there was severe drill, and

harsh superiors, and rough comrades. The change to him was a sudden and dispiriting one; but though Markoni had served him a rather unkind trick, he continued to think of him with gratitude. Of camps and camp-life he gives a vivid account, and of a battle between the Prussian and Austrian armies. On this occasion he did what a good many others did, and what we confess we should have done ourselves under the circumstances. In the heat of the battle he made a bolt and safely reached the Austrian lines, but not without some risk. And now his soldiering life was over. With other of his comrades, who had deserted, he was provided with money and a passport to enable him to return to Switzerland.

Two different meetings had our deserter on his return home.

On the bridge of Wattweil, an old acquaintance, who had known the story of my love, spoke to me, and his first word was: "Ay, Ay! that Annette of thine has made a bargain of it. Thy cousin Michael was the happy fellow, and she has a child already." This went through bone and marrow; but I did not let on to this messenger of bad luck. "Oh, indeed," said I, "is that all?" And to my great astonishment I quickly recovered myself and thought—"Well, well, I did not expect this of her! But if it must be it must be, and she may even have her Michael!"

We more than suspected Annette from the first, and her jilting of poor Uli took us by no surprise. He reached his parents' dwelling, and the bearded soldier in his regimentals put all the little brothers and sisters into a fine fright. The mother entered, of whom he begged for a night's lodgings.

She had many excuses—her husband was not at home, and the like. I could not contain myself any longer. I grasped her by the hand and said: "Mother, mother! dost no longer know me?" * * * * * Meanwhile my father came home, who had been called from a distance. The good man ran, and with tears running down his cheeks exclaimed: "Welcome, welcome, my son! Thank God thou art safe and sound, and that I have again my ten around me. Although we are poor there is still work and bread!"

To work he went, boiling saltpetre and fattening donkeys, anxious in any way to please his father, yet still having a sneaking fondness for village maidens. One at length turned up, not exactly to his mind in every respect, but he thought she might do. She was an Amazon, and one who showed in time that she would be lord and master. The rogue confesses that he went "from one place to another and made the acquaintance of other maidens, which, to tell the truth, pleased me much better; but after all none so fit to dance with as she." It was a long cold courtship of four years, for the lady would not wed until he had built a house and furnished it for her; nor until he had left off his dirty saltpetre-making and become cotton-spinner and weaver. Many letters passed between them in their days of courtship. "She wrote a great deal in verse, and I thought greatly of her learning, and that she excelled as a poetess. But, in the end, it came out that she could neither read nor write, and that she had a proxy in a trusty neighbour."

The remainder of the autobiography is one long and painful illustration of the penalties consequent upon getting into debt. Like father like son in his respect, and from his marriage-day to the end of his life he appears to have been constantly struggling to keep his head above water. The following extract will illustrate what we mean, and at the same time furnishes a favourable specimen of the author's manner. It is where he speaks of his

EVIL STARS.

About the middle of May all was roofed in; but, before this, Fate had played me several bad turns, which had well nigh undone all I had been doing. I had inconsiderately confided all to Heaven, which had made me no promise in return for my indiscretion. Three or four evil stars had come in conjunction to hinder my building. One was that I had not got wood enough, though my builder told me I had; and this I found out before we got to the upper floor. I had, in consequence, to go to the forest again, buy trees, fell them, saw them up, and drive them home. The second evil star was that as I was engaged in this business a heavy beam fell upon and shockingly cut and bruised my right foot, so that I rode home tolerably miserable, and lay in great pain for several days before I could again superintend my people. During this downfall two other fatalities united with the first. The one—one of my countrymen to whom I owed a hundred and twenty gilders, sent me word that I must pay him immediately. I knew my man, and knew too that begging and praying was out of

the question, and so began to cast about how I should manage. At length I concluded to get my stock of yarn out of every hole and corner, and send it to St. Gall to sell for whatever it might fetch. But, oh dear! the fourth unlucky star! My messenger, instead of ready money, brought me the frightful tidings that my yarn was under arrest on account of short measure, and that I must go to St. Gall myself and stand before the magistrates. What was to be done now? I had neither cotton nor copper—not a shilling more to pay my workpeople, who at the same time were driving on as if they had been building Solomon's temple. And then my terrible creditor! Shall I borrow anew? Good! But then who will trust a poor wretch like myself? My father saw my anxiety, and my Father in Heaven saw it better still. Dad and I got credit once more. We found a man who had compassion upon us; a man, and no usurer! God reward it to him for ever!

We make no doubt that after the honeymoon Frau Braeker approved herself a thorough termagant; but whether she gave practical proof that she was the Amazon he calls her, the husband is silent. To console the "poor man" a son is born to him—a "wonderful boy."

I was so delighted with this child that I not only showed him to every one who came to the house, but would call out to every passer-by—"I've got a boy!" though I knew beforehand that many would laugh at me, and think—"Wait a bit! you will soon have enough such;" which in truth was the case.

Which in truth was the case. One after one little mouths came dropping into the world, and of course expecting to be filled, until around his scanty board he, at length, had seven such. Then there came dear times, and fever, and sickness in the land. Many died of hunger, some fed on carrion found in the fields. Every day the corpse of some one struck down by a fearful epidemic was borne to the grave. Our weaver had a stock of potatoes in his cellar, but these were stolen from him. A fearful account he gives of the winter 1769-70 as it was felt in the Canton of St. Gall. The price of provisions rose, trade was bad, and Braeker sunk deeper and deeper into debt. He was always hoping for better times. "Heaven will help! and all will be right at last," I would say to my spouse. "Yes!" replied my Job's comforter, "if you deserved it; I am innocent. If you had taken care of the good times, and stuck your hands more into the dough than your nose into books." And truly the Amazon appears to have had good reason for her remark. Braeker was a good easy man,—too much so,—and if he ran into debt himself he did not make himself very uncomfortable if others ran into his debt. He had no heart to prosecute a debtor, as he felt it might be his own turn next. Once he hardened his heart sufficiently to put a bailiff into possession in a poor debtor's house; but the heart was soft again in five minutes. He could not bear the sight of the mother clinging to the last blanket, and the children scrambling for the last crust. Then he was bookish and literary. He won a local prize essay, and was invited to become a member of a literary society. This, in a business point of view, did him no good. People then suspected the credit of a literary cotton-spinner, whatever may be the case now. He kept the diary, from which we have been quoting, and a journal. He wrote, moreover, criticisms upon Shakspeare, whose writings he appears to have thoroughly appreciated. He was admitted, through his connection with the literary society, to a more extensive range of reading than he had hitherto enjoyed, and the Amazon might have been right when she spoke of his nose being in books. Yet, again, let us take the merciful side. This horrid mill-stone debt! Who knows how far the book and the pen may have contributed to lighten this load to a sensitive mind? Human nature, under strong pressure, must have some vent or safety-valve through which to discharge itself.

We must take leave of the "Poor Man of Toggenburg"—of his faults and misfortunes. The last entry in his journal runs as follows:

6 August, 1798.

I wile away my time by writing to my dearest *Girtaner*. But, ah! the hand is weak and slow, and cannot transcribe the thoughts, and these too get duller and duller, even as all the nerves and members get duller, and the spirit fainter, that it may be lost again in the great Eternal.

Braeker died on the 11th September of the same year, "poor as he was born." To those conversant with the language, this work will be read with interest, and we are not sure if a good translation would not be an acceptable addition to our English autobiographical literature.

ITALY.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

(Continued from page 21.)

We descended the crater on this side, the greater part of our way being over sulphur and ammoniac constantly steaming, and so hot as at times to be felt painfully even through thick boots. The colours of this volcanic incrustation are either a dazzling white or pale yellow, the surface soft and loose; yet the descent was facile and rapid, nor was the sulphureous warmth of the atmosphere unpleasant, after the cold previously passed through. Remounting our mules at the Casa Inglese, we descended the valley of ashes by a shorter path, passing in sight of the shapeless mass of ruins called The Philosopher's Tower, because attributed by vulgar tradition to the philosopher Empedocles, who is said to have caused an observatory to be built here, in order to analyse, more closely and frequently, this great phenomenon of nature. The present state of these ruins is so indefinable, that it must require a very practised eye to form any conjecture as to their original purpose; but it has been determined that the character of the masonry is Roman (not Greek), and therefore assumed, with more plausibility, that they were either a lodge erected for the Emperor Adrian (when, on his return from Egypt, he desired to see the sunrise off the summit of Etna), or an altar to Vulcan—an appropriation which most satisfies the imagination, at least, there being something impressive and grand in this idea of a worship paid to the Infernal Deity in the midst of so awe-striking a solitude.

I was now able to observe the character of the mountain by daylight. The Regione Deserta, which, even in the descent, is not traversed in less than three hours, composed exclusively of tracts of sand and ashes, lapilli, scoria, and countless torrents of lava, thrown up by different eruptions—some beyond the reach of history—is a scene whose aspect baffles description. The poetic conceptions of Dante and Milton have called up nothing more terrible to the visionary eye; and some of the finest effects I have observed in Martin's pictures were occasionally recalled to my memory by the aspects of this volcanic waste. We seem here to have passed out of the world where a beneficent Providence holds sway, and truly might this journey be allegorically compared to a passage through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. But, in descending, this gloom is to a degree dispelled by the magnificent and luxuriant prospect far below us; the whole lower region of Etna appearing like a richly cultured and wooded plain, interspersed with a multitude of steep mounds (the cones thrown up by various volcanic agitations), of which I counted, at one spot, as many as twenty-one within the compass of view: (there are points from which about twice that number may be reckoned.) Almost every one of the various heights that form of the Regione Deserta a chain of mountains, rather than the accessory to a single one, bears evidently the characteristics of a crater, and, in some instances, might be supposed to have only lately ceased burning. That of the eruption of 1763 is one of the most peculiar, being cloven into two lofty peaks, each with a regularly defined cavity like a bowl, part of whose inner sides, of a brownish-red tint, is distinguishable from below.

As we descend lower, the first vegetation (save the hardy kind of lichen found much nearer the summit), appears in the thickly-clustering tufts of a weed locally called the *Erba di cento spine*, growing in rounded clumps, and of a dull, reddish hue: (*Anthemis*

montana, and *Senecio chrysanthemi*, are the scientific names of the only plants found in this region.) Fern, of parched brown tint, covers the sand-beds at a lower level, and flocks of sheep, near the borders of the Regione Sylvosa, are the first living creatures seen. This forest-zone encircling the great mountain, which is traversed in about two hours, is a beautifully romantic, but perfectly wild and solitary region, refreshing to the eye and feelings after the sterility and horror of the preceding. The wood is principally oak, not growing densely, but so detached as that almost each tree forms a separate picture, such as we admire in old English parks. In this zone, however, various other kinds flourish, in different proportions—the pine, maple, cork, ash, beech, laurel, chestnut, crab-apple, and wild-gooseberry, &c. It is strange to observe, in a region thus wooded, a soil, in many parts, entirely of sand and ashes, save under the immediate shade of the trees. But in the lower tracks grass, as well as flowers, is abundant, the anemone (of pale violet hue) being in profusion; and there is something peculiarly friend-like and endearing in this lovely flower, when found at our feet after the ascent of the terrible *Montebello**—it seems to welcome us back to nature and joy! In their lower tracts especially these forests are so picturesque and deliciously unbragous, that we might say Theocritus had taken from them the scenery to some of his Idylls. And singularly beautiful is often the aspect of the extinct craters, rising like vast tumuli amid the trees, the sides of some of their cones overgrown with oak—others sterile, but entirely carpeted with red and yellow volcanic productions, that present a brilliant play of colouring, looking from a distance like the alternations in shot-silk (a very artificial comparison, but the only one I can make). Other craters found here are of totally different character, with little or no elevated external crust, but yawning at once from the surface of the earth,—their cavity in some instances occupied by large trees or brushwood, in others remaining sterile, black, and sharply defined at the edges, with heaps of scoria and ashes around. These extinct craters, many of which I have looked into on different levels of Etna, are not generally of much depth, but sometimes so rugged, from blocks of lava lining their sides, that it is difficult to enter them. After leaving the forests, we travel (though now in what is styled the Regione Abitata) for nearly two hours more over an extent of gloomy and awful lava-beds; these being from the eruption of 1669 (apparently the most terrible ever known), whose fiery torrents almost surrounded Catania, and only stopped after flowing for a considerable distance into the sea! To no spot or reminiscences of this volcanic domain might be more appropriately applied Virgil's famed description, "*Horrificis juxta tonat Etna ruinis*." Looking up the mountain, we perceive how this fearful stream has rolled down like a cataract, dividing itself into many branches, that occupy the lower slopes (here almost forming a plain of some miles) in parallel lines, at times meeting, at times leaving a narrow strip of arid soil between. All is blight and desolation along the sides of these now condensed and blackened torrents; and I observed that lichen, and here and there scanty grasses, were all the spontaneous growth on this lava, even after the lapse of nearly two centuries. Looking back, however, towards the heights we have descended, the eye is charmed by a majestic variety of outlines and brilliancy of colouring, such as I have never seen equalled in nature. The many-tinted flowers and

* The country-people here hardly know Etna by any other name than this, a plesnam from the Arabic *Gebel*, and the Italian *Monte*.

weeds, the evergreen or variously-shaded foliage, the lichen or mosses that in some spots have spread a dark purplish carpet over tracts of lava, produce this combination of colouring that so delightfully contrasts with the stern monotony of the upper regions. One feels that, if the summits of Etna be the seat of wrath and destruction, its base is clothed with loveliness, as though the Genius of Beneficence had succeeded to that of Desolation.

Near Nicolosi rise the great cones called the Monti Rossi, thrown up in the afore-mentioned eruption (two of the largest of those tributary-heights that seem like satellites to the sovereign mount), being properly a single elevation cloven at the summit, the sides partially wooded, but principally continuing still a barren surface of ashes. The environs of this little town, which forms as if the gateway to the ascent of Etna (that expedition being rarely attempted from any other side), are almost one extent of sand; but cultivation, where attempted, does not appear unsuccessful, as I observed the peculiarly vivid green of the vines growing on this surface. Before we had arrived at that lower level, I found the heat intense; and this contrast of atmosphere so affects one, after the bitter cold experienced on the heights, as to make what has been passed through previously appear like a strange and awful dream.

To trace the history of Mount Etna in its connexion with the human mind—as surrounded with a literature of science and speculation to which this marvellous volcano has proved the inspiring subject—may be more interesting even than the ascent through its beautiful or absolutely sublime regions. Catania, the most distinguished city of this island for intellectual fertility, and seat of the first university founded under the dominion of her Arragonese sovereigns, has produced many and valuable works referring to the Mountain, whose proximity is now one of her chief attractions—almost the only, indeed—that brings the casual tourist hither. The great eruption of 1669 was described at length by several contemporary prose writers, and, a few years later, made the theme of an epic poem in ten cantos, by Francesco Murabito, author of several volumes of poetry in the Sicilian and Italian dialects, of some philosophic works, and another epic on a national subject, called *Ruggiero Trionfante*. His *Catania Liberata* has been much admired and criticised; and the author has followed the example of more illustrious bards in blending together the ideas and personages of Paganism with those of Christianity—Neptune and Vulcan—St. Agatha and her veil (the treasured relic still preserved in the Cathedral here)—besides another object of Catholic veneration, the *Sacro chiodo*, or nail of the Crucifixion, enshrined in the splendid Benedictine church of this city. Another poem, *L'Etna*, was produced on the same theme, and during the same century, by Cornelio Severo. Two valuable *Histories of Etna* have appeared at Catania within more recent periods, one by the Canon Recupero (left in MS. by the author, who died in 1778, and first published in 1814); the other by Ferrara, a Benedictine professor at this university, published in 1792. The work of Recupero is most esteemed, and to him is due the theory formed on the antiquity of the world (as far anterior to the Mosaic epoch affecting the story of the human race), from the observation of the strata of lava that advance into the sea near Aci Reale, a city ten miles distant from Catania. Brydson, Denon, and Munter, in their several works on Sicily (the result of travels at about the same period of the last century), all speak of the Canon Recupero with admiration, confirmed by personal intercourse, for his scientific services and theories.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

MEDICAL SCIENCE.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

BY CELSUS TERTIUS.
I. NEW BOOKS.

THE *Endosmotic Theory* of the action of medicines originally put forth by M. POISEUILLE, has recently been brought to the test of experiment by Dr. COGSWELL, who read a paper on the subject, in December, 1851, before the Medical Society of London. He has since that time been engaged in a series of experiments which must have cost him much time and labour. Some of these experiments have had an especial reference to the researches of Professor GRAHAM on the "diffusion of liquids." On this part of the subject he has been led to conclude that the membrane or other porous partition does not, as generally supposed, take an active part in the production of an endosmose, although it may exercise a modifying influence according to its structural peculiarities. The dynamic cause would seem to be, a force existing in the liquids themselves, and the same as that which gives rise to their mutual diffusion

when placed directly in contact with one another. Professor GRAHAM, in summing up the results of most interest that follow from his inquiry, includes "the assistance which a knowledge of liquid diffusion will afford to the investigation of endosmose;" and he says, "When the diffusibility of the salt in a liquid is known, the compound effect presented in an endosmotic experiment may be analysed, and the true share of the membrane in the result may be ascertained." Dr. COGSWELL's experiments appear to have satisfactorily developed this fundamental principle. M. POISEUILLE's theory of the influence of opium and tobacco in putting a stop to endosmose by their narcotizing or paralyzing action on the membrane, is not, however, confirmed, but completely overturned by these experiments; for Dr. COGSWELL found that these poisons when applied to a living membrane, display much greater energy in the endosmometer than many inorganic salts. Disappointed, therefore, in the assistance which the law of endosmose was expected to afford in the explanation of some of the phenomena of motion in animal life, as affected by the topical application of poisons, Dr. COGSWELL determined to observe these phenomena empirically, with a

view to an extension of our knowledge of these curious facts; and he has communicated an elaborate account of his researches, which was published in *The Lancet* of November 27, 1852, under the heading "Local Action of Poisons." These experiments are full of interest, but we can only give a faint outline of their general character and results. It must be premised that the experiments were directed to the production of local nervous impressions upon the living animal tissue, by the application of poisonous substances, without producing either inflammation or chemical corrosion; and that the inquiry was limited as to the question of the poison applied affecting the phenomena of motion. The hinder extremities of the frog were the parts chiefly selected for experiment; and the poisons employed were the dilute mineral acids (sulphuric, nitric, and muriatic), alcohol, ether, chloroform, hydrocyanic acid, opium, morphia, codeia, narcotine, hyoscyamus, atropia, nicotina, aconita, and conia. Upon these poisons being inserted beneath the skin, the following effects were produced, stating them in general terms:—Within a longer or shorter period a state of paralysis of the limb to which the poison was applied, and afterwards general

depression, supervened in every case, and with a remarkable uniformity of operation, with one exception, viz., narcotine, which produced no effect at all. General convulsions resulted only after opium, morphia, codeia, and atropia. Of all these poisons, the local actions of aconita, hydrocyanic acid and opium only, were previously known (unless we except the mineral acids, which might have acted as chemical irritants); and it is remarkable that there should have been so great a similarity of local action among a class of poisons so various in their effects when swallowed. Theine or caffeine, the active principle of tea and coffee, was also made the subject of experiment, but in a different way. A grain of this substance, pulverized and diffused in water, was put into a frog's mouth. It produced, first, convulsions, then paralysis, and death in an hour. In a second experiment, half a grain of caffeine was diluted and injected beneath the skin of the left leg of a frog. This produced first, local paralysis, afterwards convulsions. "The active principle of tea or coffee is, therefore," Dr. COGSWELL concludes, "a narcotic poison to the frog. In point of destructive energy, it is far inferior to morphia, and may almost be compared to strychnia and conia. The part of the nervous system affected, appeared to be principally the spinal chord." It remains to be ascertained by what peculiar influence the local paralysis is produced. Meanwhile, great credit is due to Dr. COGSWELL for this valuable instalment.

De l'Avortement Médical. Par le Docteur L. J. HUBERT, Professeur à l'Université de Louvain, &c. Bruxelles. 1852. Between this country and France it is notorious that there has long been a great contrariety of opinion as to the propriety of sacrificing the life of the mother or the child in those painful cases of parturition, in which, from mechanical difficulties, it is clearly impossible to save them both. The English practitioner performs embryotomy and saves the mother, the French accoucheur performs the Cæsarean operation with a determination to save the child, at the imminent risk of destroying the mother. The grounds on which so important a diversity of practical views has come to prevail, are said to be of a religious nature. The Romanist holds that the salvation of the mother's soul, at all events, is secured by her baptism, but her babe being unbaptized is in danger of eternal perdition: whereas, the milder views of the Protestant faith, embracing the salvability, if not the positive safety, of those who die in infancy baptized or unbaptized, have originated the more humane and considerate practice of preserving, if possible, the ostensibly more valuable life of the two. The extent to which the safety of the mother is to be preferred to the life of the child has, however, recently become the subject of warm controversy in *The Provincial Medical and Surgical Journal*, and the whole subject is likely to come under a searching and critical review. The Cæsarean operation has recently been performed several times in England, and the life of the mother and child both preserved, and there can be no doubt that the operation of craniotomy has been performed on some occasions where the degree of real or supposed maternal danger was by no means sufficient to justify such a procedure. It has ever been asserted that the light regard thus shown to the value of foetal life, has been one of the causes of the frequency of the crime of infanticide. The question is, no doubt, in many cases, painfully perplexing, and it cannot be too rigidly or too frequently canvassed. Its medical aspects, rather than its moral bearings, have engaged Dr. HUBERT's attention, and he determines the question by statistics; from these he concludes that the Cæsarean operation saves the life of one woman in two, and of nine infants in ten; whereas by adopting the next most eligible expedient, viz., the avoidance of the dangers of delivery at the full period, by the induction of premature labour, the fœtus is almost sure to be destroyed, or to die shortly after birth, but the mother is saved nineteen times out of twenty. This practice, in cases which seem to justify it, is now the prevailing practice in England.

Dr. LIONEL S. BEALE is delivering a course of practical demonstrations on the chemical and microscopical characters of the urine and urinary deposits, at the Pathological Laboratory, 27, Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn. The subject of these lectures is far better adapted for demonstration than for mere lexicographical description; and the advances recently made in pathological chemistry have established a necessity for such public illustrations of this branch of medical science. The discoverers of any new principle are duly and justly honoured; but those who labour to disseminate newly-established practical knowledge, are scarcely less worthy of encouragement.

MEDICAL ETHICS.—The Huddersfield Medical Ethical Society has established certain by-laws to determine the qualifications for membership; among these are the following wholesome regulations:—

1. No member shall practice, professedly or exclusively, homoeopathy, hydropathy, or mesmerism.
2. No member shall, by advertisement or other improper means, solicit private practice.

3. No member shall be the proprietor of, or in any way derive advantage from, the sale of any patent or proprietary medicine, or in any way recommend its public use.

4. No member shall give testimonials in favour of any patent or proprietary medicine, or in any way recommend its public use.

5. No member, who may keep an open shop, shall sell patent medicines, perfumery, or other articles than pharmaceutical drugs and preparations.

6. No member shall enter into a contract with a druggist to prescribe gratuitously, and at the same time share in the profits arising from the sale of the medicines.

It is desirable that the members of the profession should thus associate, not only in self-defence, but that the public, by perceiving a broad line of distinction drawn between the regular practitioner and the quack, may know how to make their election between the two. We should form a higher estimate of the moral honesty of the irregulars, if we saw them equally anxious not to be confounded with those who thus repudiate them and their practices.

II. EPIDEMIC DISEASES.

INFLUENZA.—During November this complaint was so general in Madrid that scarcely a family had escaped. It is now rapidly spreading in London, and appears to have augmented the mortality during the last few weeks.

CHOLERA.—This epidemic has for the present disappeared in Berlin, having proved fatal in 157 cases out of 285. The disease does not spread in Canada.

YELLOW FEVER.—The contagious or non-contagious character of this epidemic is likely to be tested on our own shores. Mr. Napier, fourth engineer of the *La Plata* steam-ship, died at No. 2, John-street, Southampton, on the 5th of December, of malignant fever, having landed some days previously in good health; but whether the disease was really yellow fever or not remains at present doubtful. A specimen of the black vomit has been forwarded to Sir W. Pym, the Superintendent-General of Quarantine, for examination.

FEVER of a very bad type has made its appearance at the Kingswood Collieries, near Bristol, there having been no less than thirty deaths in one week. Fever equally destructive has also broken out at Kingston Magna, Dorset.

FOE UNDER FOOT.—A recent number of *Household Words* contains a pungent article under this title, decanting on the willingness with which the inhabitants of this great metropolis consent to be poisoned annually by thousands, without the slightest necessity. The foe of course is the fetid gas contained in the drains under our feet; and the description given in this paper of the fatal effects of inhaling it is but the picture frequently sketched in outline by medical men, somewhat highly yet truthfully coloured by a graphic writer. The numbers destroyed every year and every week by breathing poison are by no means represented by the deaths from typhus fever and other epidemics which are enumerated in the Registrar-General's report. Most or all of these have indeed died of gas; but many more, who have died from other diseases, have doubtless been made easy victims of the last enemy by the previously sickening and debilitating effects of respiring a polluted atmosphere. So that if we except those who have died from accident or of old age, probably one-half the population have had their lives cut short by defective draining, which the sum expended on their funerals might have set to rights. It has been mentioned as a matter of wonder that during the last three months of wet, close, muggy, unwholesome, unseasonable weather, the rate of weekly mortality in London has been very considerably below the average. But it is easily accounted for by reflecting that the perpetual rains have cleansed our drains as far as they are capable of being cleansed, and thus washed away the grand source of fatal disease, leaving the population comparatively healthy. Had earthenware cylindrical pipes been used for the construction of our drains instead of irregular clumsy brickwork, of various levels and full of abrupt breaks, the cleansing would have been complete, and the air of London would now be as healthy as the breezes on Brighton Downs.

III. CHIT CHAT AND DISCOVERIES.

LIFE PROLONGED BY THE STOMACH-PUMP.—A curious instance of artificial feeding is recorded in the *Lancet* of December 4, by Mr. Capon, of Hull. An insane lady, aged forty-five, labouring under religious melancholia, refused to swallow every kind of food and drink from August 22, 1848, to February 12, 1849, during which period she was fed by the stomach-pump, on beef-tea, eggs, gruel, &c. &c. On the 13th of February she sipped some cold water, and from this date until the 16th of March continued to do so at intervals, on the latter day taking treacle and water. She occasionally drank water, or treacle and water, up to the 28th of April, obstinately refusing, from this period until her death (which occurred on January 4, 1850), all food, except that which was given her by the stomach-pump. For sixteen months this lady had the pump introduced daily; and for rather more than eight months life was wholly sustained by the artificial introduction of everything that entered the stomach. She would never disclose any reason for refusing food, except that she feared it might give her pain in the mouth, to which she had been subject; but Mr. Capon suspected she had some religious scruples. "It was somewhat singular to witness, after the first

three or four introductions of the tube," adds Mr. Capon, "the eagerness with which she assisted in the operation, and the great anxiety manifested lest I should forget her times of taking food." Dr. Gilchrist relates a case in which a lady had been similarly nourished for three years and two months.

A NEW STYPTIC has lately been introduced to the notice of the profession by Signor Pagliare, of Rome, which has obtained an extensive notoriety, general as well as professional. Its composition is as follows: "Gum benzoin, eight ounces; alum, one pound; water, ten pints." The alum and benzoin are boiled for eight hours in the water, fresh water being added to make up for loss by boiling. The supernatant liquor is the styptic in question, the virtues of which are said to be such, that if one drop of it were added to a basin of blood, the whole would instantly coagulate. On reading this description of the styptic, as it appeared in the pages of *The Provincial Medical Journal*, Mr. B. W. Richardson thought it would be of great service to bring the matter to a fair trial; and at a recent meeting of the Medical Society of London he laid the results of his experiments before the fellows of the society; from which it appeared that the styptic powers of the solution of Signor Pagliare had been much overrated.

A case of spontaneous fracture of the thigh-bone was brought before the notice of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society on the 14th of December, 1852, by Barnard Van Oven, M.D. The accident occurred in the person of the author himself. On the 25th of May, 1852, he went to bed in perfect health, and fell into a sound sleep. At three o'clock in the morning he awoke in the act of turning, with a feeling of violent pain in the thigh, just above the knee. On putting his hand to the part he found the vastus muscle in a state of strong contraction. At the same moment a loud snap was heard; the swelling of the muscle subsided. The thigh-bone was fractured transversely about three inches above the knee-joint, the bone lying in its proper position. There was no reason to suspect any existing disease in the bone, and the case is, he believes, so rare as to stand alone, as he has been unable to find any record of a case of fracture of one of the larger bones by the action of the muscles alone. We remember, however, a case of an organ-builder who fractured the radius by the action of the pronator muscles. He was lifting a heavy organ-pipe from its place, which having lost its perpendicular was falling; he attempted to save it by a strong grasp, and the bone snapped asunder.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

PHYSICS.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ASTEROIDS.—Mr. J. Nasmyth, who is already known as the propounder of various ingenious speculations respecting some of the celestial bodies, has emitted an idea as to the possible agency by which the disruption of the original planet was effected, the fragments of which, it is presumed, form that cluster of planetary bodies revolving between the orbits of Mars and Saturn, generally known as the asteroids. This agency he seeks in the state of tension caused by the unequal contraction a molten body undergoes when rapidly cooled on the surface whilst assuming the solid state, and illustrates his views by referring to the toys called "Rupert's drops," which, it is well known, are made by dropping melted glass into cold water, whereby small pear-shaped lumps are obtained, which when broken at the point shiver into dust with a shock, whilst they will bear heavy blows with a mallet on the thicker end without fracture. Now this arises from unequal cooling, taking place between the surface and the interior of the glass drop, which produces such an extreme degree of tension between the surface and central portions, that the vibration communicated to the particles when the tip is broken off permits the latent tension to become active, which results in the drop flying to pieces. He adduces cast iron also as too frequently affording another instance of the effects of unequal contraction, as occasionally evidenced by large castings spontaneously flying to pieces, or on receiving a blow apparently quite inadequate to produce this effect. Now this action, which is common to all kinds of brittle materials when suddenly solidified, Mr. Nasmyth supposes to have taken place in the planet whence the asteroids are thought to be derived, and which he conjectures was formed of some fusible brittle material, so far resembling glass that, by the rapid cooling of its surface from its pasty semi-fluid condition, a state of things was set up in the planet analogous to what obtains in a "Rupert's drop;" so that at some period subsequently to the solidification of its surface a fracture was effected in this crust, and the pent-up tension thus being called into play caused it to split into several fragments; these being projected into space, each one commenced revolving in its separate orbit, differing slightly from each other according to the mass and condition of each at the time of rupture. He argues, in support of this notion, that the fact of the orbits of these asteroids having one common node, or point of coincidence, points to some such explanation as this, recommending it as feasible, if not absolutely true, and at any rate useful until a better conjecture shall supersede it.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF COLOURED LIGHT ON VEGETABLES.—The decomposition of carbonic acid gas by a plant absorbing its carbon and liberating the oxygen, when exposed to the sun's rays, besides many other singular changes which take place through the vital force of plants, have been referred to the decomposing force of the chemical rays of the spectrum—an idea shown to be erroneous by Dr. Daubeny, who has made it very evident that the decomposition of this acid, and many other phenomena observable in the tissues of plants, are referrible to the luminous, and not to either the chemical or heat rays of the solar spectrum. It is also to the luminous rays that the development of colours in flowers is to be attributed, and to bring about this beautiful operation of nature, solar light appears to be indispensable; for whilst sunshine acted most energetically in colouring petals, far more so than diffused daylight, no effect whatever was produced by exposing them to the influence of the most brilliant artificial light, that even emitted by incandescent line being powerless and inactive. Various bulbs of purple hyacinths, much alike in size, healthiness, and stage of growth, were placed under bell-glasses respectively made of blue, red, yellow, and colourless glass: the red glass permits the ingress of the heat rays, diminishes the luminous, but stops the chemical rays, whilst the blue glass admits these last freely, but was so deep in tint that the luminous rays were for the most part absorbed. After lapse of some time, a great change, evidently attributable to the nature of the light, was observed to have taken place in the plants. Under colourless glass the rootlets shot out rapidly and abundantly; under yellow glass they were fine and long; under the red, scarcely any were produced, and those were stunted; whilst under the blue shade, the plants sickened and died. In the other stages of growth similar effects were observed, and the colours of the flowers all differed. Cereals, grown under similar circumstances, exhibited effects very similar to those manifested by the hyacinths; the best plant being under the yellow, and the worst under the blue light. These experiments afford us a useful hint in the construction of greenhouses, to use the straw-glazing instead of the green or blue tinted glass for glazing them.

OPTICS.

THE FATA MORGANA OF IRELAND.—Records of these appearances on the coast of Ireland have been industriously sought out by Mr. McFarland, who has himself been a witness of these pleasing atmospheric delusions. He quotes a passage in Giraldus Cambrensis, referring to an island floating on the sea, anterior to the year 1185, probably the first example on record; and traces the history of these appearances till he finds, in a description of Connaught dated 1684, "That from the Isles of Arran and the west continent often appears visible that enchanted island called O'Branill, in Irish Beg-ara, or the Sessen Arran set down in carls of navigation." And again, "There is westward of Arran, in sight of the next continent, Skerde, a wild island of huge rocks; these sometimes appear to be a great city afar off, full of houses, castles, towers, and chimneys, sometimes full of blazing flames, smoke, and people running to and fro. Another day you would see nothing but a number of ships with their sails and rigging; then so many great stakes or ricks of corn and turf." Within the last and present century the notices become much more frequent: some splendid exhibitions of the Fata Morgana have been seen near the Giant's Causeway, depicting spires, castles, and ruins, springing from the sea; and a description is given of an enchanted island, which is said every year to have risen and voyaged along the Antrim coast. At Rathlin, an island lying off Bally Castle, a belief long prevailed that every seventh year a green island, covered with people, rose between it and the mainland. The Bush-foot Strand, Tor Point, and Fair Head are also enumerated as localities favoured by the visits of these phenomena. Mr. McFarland himself, with a party of friends, was fortunately indulged with a striking instance of this deception when standing on a rock at Port Balintrea; a small island was observed gradually rising from the sea at about a mile from land, looking like a green field, and then becoming fringed with the prismatic colours. Cattle, men, and trees were then developed, and these images lasted for about a quarter of an hour, the figures moving about, the waves laving the shores, and the sun shining on it, till it gradually faded into one confused whole and passed from the sight of the spectators as rapidly as it had arisen. Between the Skerries and Portrush the image of a vast bridge, spanning the Sound, with passengers crossing and re-crossing, has at times been seen; and two instances of aerial *fata*, the one over the ferry at Lough Foyle, the other near the Bannmouth, have been observed very recently—troops, ships, &c. appearing in the sky—besides other examples which he quoted as of older date. These descriptions remind us of the famous descriptions of the Fata Morgana at Reggio, where sumptuous palaces, cathedrals, castles, towers, cities, villages with their inhabitants, plains overspread with flocks and herds, trees, men on horseback, and armed troops, pass rapidly before the eye along the surface of the sea. It is to the similarity of the coasts about the Strait of Messina and the Northern Channel of Ireland, in configuration and currents, that this observer attributes the occur-

rence of the beautiful phenomena seen on the coast of the latter to which he has directed our attention, and which to a lesser extent sometimes occur in the English and Scotch coasts. Another variety of this phenomenon is the oft-described mirage, mocking the sight of the parched and wearied traveller in Eastern lands, especially in the deserts; all being referrible to the one common cause of an unusual refraction of light, produced by the lower strata of air differing in density, a difference caused by varying amounts of heat and moisture; and which appearances vanish again so soon as an equilibrium of density of these strata is established.

MINERALOGY.

NATIVE IRON.—The occurrence of iron in its native or metallic state has always been a disputed point with mineralogists. It is true that there are abundant instances of lumps of this metal being met with on the surface of the earth, and the iron knives and spear-heads of the Eskimaux are frequently made from such lumps; these masses, however, on examination, invariably prove to be of meteoric origin, and therefore cannot rank as terrestrial minerals. Extended observations have of late tended to set this question at rest; for since the announcement of the existence of metallic iron in the metamorphic rocks of Antrim by Dr. Andrews, a Swedish chemist, M. Bahr, has described some fossil wood found on the floating island of Lake Ralang, in Smaland, which contains this metal in a granular state disseminated throughout the mass; this iron is malleable, attracted by the magnet, and evolved hydrogen when acted on by dilute acids. The metal is far from being in a state of purity, and what is very remarkable, contains both nickel and cobalt, thus connecting it with meteoric iron, and casting a doubt on the hitherto received belief of the exclusive atmospheric origin of the masses of iron sometimes met with on the surface of the earth in the arctic regions, since the iron of this fossil wood, penetrating its matrix in the form of scales and grains interspersed between the fibres of the wood, resembles in some striking particulars the constitution of meteoric iron. The discoverer, so far as I can gather, believes this iron to have been deposited in the metallic state, an opinion which will meet with but little regard when we consider the conditions under which it was formed, in wood usually submerged in the lake; so that whether these granules existed as oxide, or were introduced into the woody structure in a soluble state as a salt of iron, the powerful and long-continued deoxidizing influences which were set up during the fossilisation of the wood, and the fine state of division in which the metal occurs, equally tend to show the probability of its being the product of deoxidation, and of its not being a metallic deposition. Mr. W. G. Lettsom describes a specimen of *limonite* from Passau, containing filaments of metallic iron.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

FRESH WATER AT SEA.—So long as there is a large tea-kettle or similar vessel on board ship, some fresh water may always be procured; but, at the best, distilled water is a rapid beverage, and often unpleasant from empyreuma. Several schemes have been from time to time devised to aerate the water distilled at sea, when used for drinking, with varying success, and it is a subject, although apparently trifling, by no means so in reality, for an abundant supply of good water, made sparkling and pleasant both to eye and palate by proper aëration, is an inestimable comfort to the seaman, especially in tropical seas, and may even be regarded as a prime element in maintaining a healthy condition of those on board. Any fairly-considered scheme for effecting this object, is, therefore, worthy of attention from the owners and captains of ships, until an easily-worked and economical apparatus is constructed, which shall give to the sailor, water as good and pleasant to drink, as the ordinary well-water on shore. There is a method described in *The Repertory of Arts*, No. DCCV, the invention of Mr. Mc Bride, by which steam arising from boiling sea-water is condensed in a strong current of cold air, and which is stated to produce water, fresh, cold, and bright, as well as more rapidly than by any of the methods now in use. One thing is evident, that the mode of condensation adopted is a most rational method of aerating the water thus distilled; and one can hardly doubt that, provided the apparatus works well, water thus procured would be very palatable, especially if a little carbonic acid gas were pumped into it, and a few grains of salt added before drinking.

HERMES.

ART AND ARTISTS.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

SIR GEORGE HATYER has had the honour of submitting to Her Majesty his painting of "Wellington visiting the Relics of Napoleon."—Mr. Bailey, the sculptor, has completed the model of a colossal statue of the late George Stephenson, which, when executed in marble, is to be placed on one of the landings of the grand staircase at the end of the great hall at the Euston-square station.—The courses of lectures to be delivered this year at the Royal Academy will be

confined to those on Architecture, by Mr. Cockerell, and on Sculpture, by Sir Richard Westmacott. The new professors of Anatomy and Perspective were appointed in February last, and the chair of Painting is still vacant.—The numbers attending the Museum of Ornamental Art at Marlborough House during the month of December were as follows:—13,811 persons on the public days, and admitted free, the number in the Christmas week being 11,119; 711 persons on the students' days, and admitted as students on the payment of sixpence each.—Preliminary arrangements have been so far completed that an elementary drawing and modelling school will be established at a very early period in Swansea.—The Crypt of Gerard's Hall has been carefully taken to pieces, and each stone marked; and there is a probability that it may be re-erected in the grounds of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, a very appropriate locality, where it could be seen to greater advantage than ever, and would have its uses among the instructive wonders to be gathered there from all quarters of the globe.—M. Alfred Arago, the painter, son of the astronomer, has been appointed Inspector of the Fine Arts at the Administration of the Interior, *vice* M. Felix Cottrau, deceased.—A sale is appointed to take place in Paris, on Tuesday, the 18th, of the Duchess of Orleans' pictures.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

From the preparations that are being made for the rapidly approaching season of concerts, it seems likely that these gatherings will be much to the taste of their frequenters. The firm of Cramer, Beale and Co. with their well-known enterprise, are already exerting themselves in entering into engagements with some of the greatest Continental artists. Among these we may mention the greatest pianist of the day, Madame Pleyel, whose genius the London public will shortly have an opportunity of admiring, as she is daily expected, if she has not already arrived in London. After giving some specimens of her highly-finished playing at concerts in the metropolis, she will proceed into the provinces and assist at a concert which Mr. Simms, the fashionable music-seller, purposes giving early next month in Bath, and where Madame Fiorentini will sing. Herr Jansa, the talented violinist and composer, will shortly renew the series of chamber concerts he gave last year with such success. Mr. J. Ella has advertised his Musical Winter Evenings to take place, as usual, at Willis's Rooms, to commence on the 5th of February, and to terminate on the 17th of March; and M. Alexander Billet in the course of the present Winter Season, intends giving at Manchester a series of performances of classical pianoforte music on the plan of his popular *soirées* at St. Martin's Hall.

A concert with an attractive programme was given, a few evenings ago, in Sussex Hall, by that rising young vocalist, Miss E. Jacobs. The artists, all of whom met with deserved applause, were, in addition to the benefice, Mrs. A. Newton, the Misses Brougham and Miss Love, Mr. Leffler, Mr. E. L. Hime, Mr. George Perren, and Herr Jonghmanns. Madlle. St. Marc was pianiste, and Mr. Maurice Davies conductor.

Very general satisfaction was given at Miss Ransford's fourth *soirée musicale*, which took place at her residence, and was most fully and fashionably attended. The vocalists and instrumentalists were Miss Ransford, her father and brother, Miss Cicely Nott, Mr. Alfred Pierre, Mr. Frederick Chatterton, and Mr. Richard Blagrove.

M. Jullien, previous to his departure to the United States, has been giving farewell concerts in the provinces. He has already been at Manchester, York, Hull, Leeds, and Newcastle. He is at present in Edinburgh, whence he proceeds to Glasgow; and in February he goes to Plymouth, to be present at two of Mrs. Henry Reed's concerts.

The new English prima donna, Madlle. Normain, who possesses a voice of great power and beauty, a pure Italian style, and all the mental and physical qualities of an accomplished actress, has been creating an extraordinary sensation at Stockholm, in the character of *Fides* in the *Prophète*.

Paris is at present the focus of attraction to lovers of music, from the many great artists who are there exercising their talents. It would be almost impossible to give the whole list; but the principal are: Herr Oberthier, the celebrated composer and performer on the harp; Mdle. Clauss; Signor Sivori; Viexutemps; Vivier, (who has just returned from Constantinople, loaded with presents from the Sultan of Turkey); Ferdinand Hiller; Mdle. Rosa Kastner, (the pianiste who made so favourable a *début* in London last season); Ernest Cavallini, the celebrated clarinet player; Miss Kennedy, the Irish harpist; and the distinguished pianiste, Mdle. Emma Von Staubach—all of whom have been performing in the most brilliant manner at concerts given principally in the Salle Herz and the Salle Ventadour. Madame Ugalde and Madlle. Cravelli still continue to be rapturously received in operas. Ernst is giving concerts in the *Départements*, and Madame Charton is singing at Marseilles in the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Meyerbeer. Formes, Mdle. Johanna Wagner, and Herr Joseph Joachim, are at Berlin. The latter great violinist, by the way, has

just been appointed Master of Concerts to the King of Hanover.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

The New Philharmonic Society managers have engaged Herr Lindpainter, of Stuttgart.—A concert for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to M. Jullien, previous to his departure for America, will be shortly given by the members of M. Jullien's orchestra.—A paragraph in *Cocks's Musical Miscellany* for this month informs us, that an addition has been made to the Catalogue of Reference in the Reading Room of the British Museum, consisting of fifty-seven volumes in manuscript, embracing all the musical works in the Library; and also facilitating reference, by the names of all the authors of words set to music.—Herr Edward Maria Ottinger has just published a work, which appears to be partly romantic, partly rhapsodical, and partly biographical, on Rossini.—The Dramatic Entertainments at Windsor Castle have commenced. The first play was, "The Second Part of Henry IV."—Mr. Phelps being the King, Mr. Wigan the Prince, Mr. Bartley Sir John Falstaff, and Mrs. Daly Dame Quickly.

The Vienna Correspondent of *Le Journal* announces the coming *début* at Carlstadt of a Negro songstress, Miss Greenfield.—A *Salle* has been erected in Paris especially for the performance of religious music. The first of a series of religious concerts was given a few days ago. Among the pieces performed were a church air of the 13th century, the *Messiah* of Handel, and the first part of the *Creation* by Haydn.—Madame Viardot has been engaged to sing the part of *Fides* in the *Prophet*, at St. Petersburg.—Madame Persiani, with Tamburini, Gordoni, and Rossi, are singing at Amsterdam.—*Orfa*, a new ballet pantomime in two acts, has, after months of preparation, been produced at the Grand Opera at Paris. It is distinguished from its predecessors by being placed amidst the snows and ice of Iceland.—There exists in Paris a firm (MM. Louat and Co.) whose professed business is to procure dramatic success by judiciously packing a theatre with "claqueurs," who steadily applaud a piece for a certain number of nights, after which public enthusiasm is accepted as a *fait accompli*. This firm recently made a treaty with MM. Werner, the directors of the Ambigu, by which, in consideration of the sum of 8,000*fr.* paid down, MM. Louat and Co. were to receive a certain number of tickets, at greatly reduced prices, for the next two years, it being understood that the persons admitted by these tickets would systematically applaud the performance. At the end of a month, however, M. Desnoyer succeeded MM. Werner in the direction of the theatre. The new management repudiated the contract with MM. Louat, who thereupon brought an action to enforce it. This action was dismissed by the Tribunal of Commerce, upon the ground that a treaty, the real object of which was to produce fictitious applause in a theatre, must be considered illegal and contrary to public order. MM. Louat then sued MM. Werner, and M. Desnoyer, as their assignees, for the restitution of the 8,000*fr.*; and, the French law not going so far as the English, which will not allow money paid for an illegal purpose to be recovered, they have succeeded in latter suit.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY CIRCLES.

The fifth and concluding volume of "The Letters of the Earl of Chesterfield," including some new letters now first published from the original MSS. will shortly appear.—The ecclesiastical publications to appear under the title of "The Church Historians of England from Bede to Fox," are about to be issued.—Mr. Taylor, an American amateur, has undertaken to write a new life of Beethoven, and visited Germany last autumn for the purpose of collecting materials.—Dr. Max Müller, who has been for several years a resident in this country, has undertaken to publish, for the Court of Directors of the Honourable East India Company, the ancient religious books of the Hindoos.—Letters from Heidelberg state that some stir had been caused in that university by the seizure, on the part of the police, of all the obtainable copies of Gervinus' new book, "An Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century," which is published at Leipzig.

Cardinal Wiseman is to lecture at the Roman Catholic Literary Institute of Leeds, on or about the 26th of this month.—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, is, it is said, about to visit this country with her husband. She has lately received a letter from Dr. Wardlaw, tendering her, on behalf of a number of ladies and gentlemen of Glasgow, an invitation to visit England at their expense. This invitation she has accepted, and she will soon leave the United States for Liverpool.—Dr. Max Müller has been appointed to a lectureship of modern literature at the University of Oxford.—The Minister of Police has refused permission for the publication of a new philosophical review, to which M. Proudhon was to have been a contributor.—A tooth of Sir Isaac Newton was sold, in 1815, for 73*sh.* A nobleman bought it, and had it set in a ring.—The Rev. Philip Smith, Professor of Mathematics at New College, London, has been appointed Head

Master of the Protestant Dissenters School, Mill Hill, vacant by the resignation of Mr. Priestley.—The Chevalier Bunsen has communicated to Mr. Samuel Phillips the announcement that the University of Göttingen has conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Mr. Phillips—in his youth a student at Göttingen—is known to English readers as the writer of literary essays in *The Times*, and as a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*.—An American literary journal "calculates" that Mr. Thackeray's visit to the United States will produce to him "some fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, besides the glorious time of it." The lectures are to be published by two American houses on the author's leaving the country, both publishers paying liberally for the copyright. It is also expected that Mr. Thackeray will write a book about America, a work which will be a "generous enjoyable one for both sides of the Atlantic."

The engines of the caloric ship *Ericsson* had been worked in dock, and the trial was in every way satisfactory.—Coins bearing the image and superscriptions of Vercingetorix, the chief of the Gauls who so bravely resisted Caesar, have just been found at a place called Pionsat, in France.—The Duke of Wellington has liberally opened the principal apartments of Apsley-house to the public during the present month of January, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from ten till three o'clock. Admission tickets are to be issued by Mr. Mitchell, 33, Old Bond-street, in answer to written applications, with name and address.—A copy of the third and fourth volumes of *Emile*, of the edition of 1762, were sold at Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson's for 42*l.* The volumes had belonged to Rousseau himself, and their margins were covered with materials for a work on philosophy in his clear and well-known autograph.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

DRURY-LANE.—*Gold*: a Domestic Drama, in five acts, by C. Reade, Esq.

LYCEUM.—Mr. C. Mathews, Mr. Angus Reach, and the Press.

MR. SMITH has not been slow to profit by the warnings addressed to him by his well-wishers of the press, but has suppressed Mr. Fitzball's effete version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and produced the work of a dramatist of reputation in its stead. Crowded and applauding houses—a manager's best reward—have followed the experiment; and we have now little doubt that, if he will but persevere in the course which he has now adopted, Mr. Smith will not only be able to "pull himself through," but that he will find himself at the end of the season in the unprecedented position of having managed Drury-lane Theatre and having a surplus in his pocket.

We have to congratulate Mr. Smith upon his selection of an author. Mr. Reade's late triumph at the Haymarket has contributed to raise him to a very high position among the English dramatists of the day; and if the piece now under consideration do not quite come up to the standard of "Masks and Faces," it must be recollected that it has been written for a very different purpose, upon very different principles, and for a very different audience. Mr. Smith shows by the tariff of his prices that his hope is in the middle class of theatre-goers; not in the professed students of high art, or in the supporters of the legitimate, but in those honest tradesfolk and stalwart artizans whose sympathies can only be excited by the most powerful stimulants in the laboratory of the dramatic confiseur. Not that we must be understood to cast any disparagement upon that description of drama which Mr. C. Mathews has superciliously nicknamed "the domestic drama: so called from being the drama of domesticities;" for we dare to say that, take them all in all, there is quite as much, if not more, of sterling sense and morality in pieces of this description than in the lighter and more elegant adaptations from the French school; yet must it be borne in mind that they are intended for tastes and understandings perfectly distinct from each other. In the same manner we should say of a beef-steak that it is probably more wholesome than a trifle; but the one is for the brawny toiler, and the other for the ball-room sylph; the one may have a flavour of garlic, but the other will bear nothing stronger than vanilla. With this digression, not altogether irrelevant, we introduce the plot upon which "Gold" is constructed. In the mere framework of this there is very little that is new. We have the conventional rural villain, Mr. Meadows (Mr. H. Lee), a rich cornfactor, who contests the hand of the village belle, Susan Martin (Miss F. Vining), with an honest young farmer, George Sandford (Mr. Davenport). Riches are power; and there is little wonder that Meadows, with the assistance of a comic rascal of a pettifoggish attorney's clerk, named Crawley (Mr. Selby), contrives to ruin George Sandford, and drive him to the desperate expedient of emigrating to Australia. He arrives at the colony at the crisis of the gold discovery. Sheep-walking proves a failure, and he is on the point of giving way to despair, when, lo! a lucky blow with his crook turns up a nugget, and there he is at once the founder of the first known diggin's. During his absence from England, Meadows steadily perseveres in his plan of undermining the

affections of Susan for her absent lover, but is constantly opposed by the vigilance of George's brother William (Mr. Moorhouse), who with the pertinacity of a watch-dog meets him at every point. He is not long in getting faithful William imprisoned for debt, but he is speedily liberated by a benevolent Jew named Isaac Levi (Mr. Stirling), who moves about the piece the *deus ex machina*, doing good and baffling evil with a liberality and acuteness perfectly astounding, and watchful William is on guard again. In the fourth act we find old Levi at the diggin's purchasing gold and platinum, and delivering lectures on assaying, illustrated by chemical experiments, for the edification of the miners. George finds an enormous nugget, of which he is on the point of being robbed by some shady characters about the camp, when on marches a detachment of the British army, despatched by the Governor of Sydney to assert the supremacy of the law. Enriched by the enormous nugget, George now returns to Susan, elate with joyful anticipation; but the serpent Meadows has been at work, has suppressed his letters, poisoned her ear with the insinuation that her absent lover has been faithless, and is about to lead her to church. George rushes in; rich with the proceeds of the nugget, he defies Meadows; puts his hand into his pocket, and finds that he has been robbed; Levi comes in and denounces Meadows as the thief; Crawley, who is going up to town with the stolen notes by express train, is captured through the agency of the electric telegraph, upon which Levi delivers a short and appropriate lecture; and the curtain falls upon the happiness of George and Susan, the discomfiture of Meadows and Crawley, and the benign satisfaction of Levi. To overpraise the acting of Mr. Davenport and Miss Vining, in the parts of George and Susan, would be impossible; they had, however, everything in their favour, for they were the principal characters in the piece, and the interest was centred in them; but we consider Mr. Stirling's impersonation of the very arduous part of Levi as a very remarkable performance. The judicious ability with which this gentleman (who in his threefold capacity of author, stage-manager, and actor, is equally deserving the consideration of the public) supported a part which most artists would either have over or under done, was, to our appreciation, the most remarkable feature of the piece, and we sincerely trust that Mr. Stirling will continue to hold possession of a stage which he both manages and adorns so efficiently. Something should be said in favour of Mr. Selby's admirable make-up and comic performance as Crawley; of Mrs. Griffiths in the rich, though short, part of a poor Irishwoman at the "diggin's;" and of Mr. H. Wallace in the part of Robinson, a thief. The scenery presents a very marked improvement upon anything we have yet seen under this management; it is, indeed, excellent; and both the properties and appointments are perfect. In the camp scene at the "diggin's" the cradles, waggons, spades, &c. are real, and have been furnished by a dealer in the city, who is not unwilling to avail himself of this splendid opportunity for an advertisement.

The dispute between Mr. C. Mathews and Mr. A. Reach has already run so high, that we should be loth to aggravate the bitter feelings which, too evidently, exist on both sides, by stating our opinion of the manner in which the dispute has been hitherto conducted. Mr. Mathews would have best consulted his own dignity, and the respect due to his position, by treating the unfair strictures upon his scenery with silence and contempt. We cordially agree with Mr. Mathews in the manifesto he has put forth with respect to the system of press-orders. It is possible that they may occasion loss to the theatres, but it is certain that they cause annoyance to the press. No one who is known to hold the slightest connection with a journal is exempt from the persecution of those who would be willing enough to pay always, if it were not for the fact that they sometimes can obtain orders. We trust soon to see the day when, by the co-operation of the more respectable journals, none can claim free admission on behalf of the press, except the properly accredited reporters of those journals. An indiscriminate attack has been made upon the practice of charging a shilling for booking a seat and preserving it unoccupied for the taker to any period of the evening; and the public have been erroneously given to understand that the shilling is charged upon each seat taken. Many of our readers will know by experience that this is not so, but we think it just to state that the practice is, to charge a shilling for booking any number of seats, that may be taken by the same individual; and, considering the great accommodation thus afforded, we do not think that it is an overcharge. With respect to the shilling said to be exacted by the box-keeper, that is entirely optional, and is even undesired by the management. For some time Mr. Mathews adopted the expedient of printing "NO FEES TO BE GIVEN TO THE BOX-KEEPER," or words to that effect, across the play bills, but it was entirely unattended to; for the audience, with that selfish desire which animates people to obtain an advantage over their neighbours, and recommend themselves to the good offices of the menials, continued to drop their shillings into the willing hand of the box-keeper, whose impartiality could not be expected to stand proof against such influences. That which was originally a bribe has

now grown to be a custom, and, if there be any fault at all, it certainly is not with the management.

DICTIONARY AND DIRECTORY OF LIVING AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.

[Authors and Artists will be supplied with Printed Forms for giving to us the necessary information, on application by letter to the Publisher. An Alphabetical Index of Names, at the close of each volume, will supply the means of ready reference.]

ANSTED (DAVID THOMAS), M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S., F.L.S., F.C.P.S., Author, Foreign Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Liège; Member of the Geological Society of France, Professor of Geology in King's College, London, Consulting Mining Engineer, 17, Manchester-street, Manchester-square. Born in London, 1814; entered at Jesus College, Cambridge, 1832; Graduated B.A., 1836; M.A., 1839; elected Lay Fellow of Jesus College, 1840; Proctor of the University of Cambridge, 1841; Public Examiner in Mathematics for Ordinary Degrees, 1842; Professor of Geology at King's College, London, 1841; Vice Secretary of Geological Society, January, 1844; Local Secretary of the British Association at the Cambridge Meeting in 1845; Lecturer on Geology and Mineralogy at the Honourable East India Company's Military Seminary at Addiscombe, 1845; Lecturer on Geology at the College of Civil Engineers, Putney, 1845; Superintendent of Classes 1 and 27, and Member and Reporter of Jury Class 27, at the Great Exhibition, 1851; Married 1848, Augusta, daughter of Alexander Baillie, Esq., of Green-street, Grosvenor-square. Author of

Geology, Introductory, Descriptive and Practical. 2 vols. 8vo. 1844. Van Voorst.

Geology as a Branch of Education (pamp.) 1845. Voorst. Syllabus of Lectures on Geology and Mineralogy for the use of the Honourable East India Company's Military Seminary at Addiscombe. 1845.

Facts and Suggestions concerning the Economic Geology of India. Coal Fields of India. (Pamphlet for private distribution.) 1846.

The Ancient World. 1 vol. 12mo. 1847. Van Voorst. Second Edition, 1848.

The Gold Seeker's Manual. 1 vol. 18mo. 1849. Voorst.

An Elementary Course of Geology, Mineralogy and Physical Geography. 1 vol. small 8vo. 1850. Van Voorst.

Non-Metallic Mineral Manufactures. A Lecture (No. 10, Second Series) delivered before the Society of Arts at the request of Prince Albert. (Pamphlet.)

Report of Jury of Class xxvii. (Non-Metallic Mineral Manufactures) to the Royal Commissioners of the Great Exhibition of 1851.—Jury Reports of Exhibition. 1 vol. 8vo. 1852.

Contributor to *Proceedings of Cambridge Philosophical Transactions* for 1841, Vol. VII., Part II.; *Proceedings of Geological Society*, Vol. III., p. 167; *Analyst*, Vols. IX. and X.; *Annals of Natural History*, 1844, p. 241; *Reports of Proceedings of British Association for 1845*; *Civil Engineers' and Architects' Journal*, for 1847; *Proceedings of Institution of Civil Engineers*, Vol. IX., 1851; and Author of several reviews.

Formerly Editor of *Quarterly Journal of Geological Society*, 1845, 1846.

BROOKS (THOMAS), Artist, 24, Campden-grove, Kensington. Born at Hull, April 12, 1818. Exhibited in the Royal Academy:—

Dawn of Love. 1846. Engraved by Simmons. Meeson. *Chirity—the Lord of the Manor.* 1847. Engraved by Simmons. London: Meeson.

First Parting. Engraved by Simmons. London: Meeson.

Scene from the Gentle Shepherd. 1847. Engraved by Reynolds. Gambait and Co.

Incident in the Life of Burns. 1848.

Affection's First Offering. 1848. Engraved by Simmons. Gambait and Co.

The Village Schoolmaster. 1849.

The Village Pastor. 1850.

Hallowed be Thy Name. Engraved by Simmons. Gambait and Co. 1850.

Happiness and Grief. 1851. &c. &c.

DAVIDSON (JOHN BEST), Author and Newspaper Editor, 59, Cobourg-street, Leeds, Yorkshire. Born at Halifax, 1816. Author of

An English Grammar and a Treatise on Punctuation, under the title of "The Difficulties of English Grammar and Punctuation removed." First published in 1839.—Eighth Edition. Leeds: Joseph Buckton.

Also, a *Work on Short-Hand.* Leeds: Joseph Buckton, 1847.—Third Edition in the press.

Sub-Editor of *The Leeds Mercury* since 1847.

EDWARDS (GRIFFITH, M.A.), Clergyman and Author, Minera, Wrexham. Born at Llanberis, Carnarvonshire, 1815. Gained several prizes at the Welsh Eisteddfod when young, and used to contribute to some of the periodicals. Entered Trinity College, Dublin, 1839, took B. A. Degree, 1843, and M.A., 1846. Ordained to the Curacy of Llangollen, 1843; removed to the Perpetual Curacy of Minera, 1849. Author of

Sylw ar Gatholism.—Second Edition. Bala: Parry. 1843.

Prize Poems in Welsh, and other Poems in Welsh and English. London: Hughes. 1846.

The Inundation of Cantre'r Gwaelod, or, Lowland Hundred. London: Pickering. 1849.

Literary Remains in Welsh and English of the late Rev. John Blackwell, B.A., with Life, and Criticism on his writings. London: Hughes. 1851.

Contributor to various Welsh Periodicals.

Editor of *Y Protestant*, a Welsh Journal, from 1840 to 1843.

EVANS (ARTHUR BENONI, D.D.), Author, Head-Master of the Free Grammar School, Market Bosworth, Leicestershire. Born March 25, 1781, at Compton Beauchamp, Berks.

Educated at the College School, Gloucester. Entered Commoner at St. John's College, Oxford, 1800; took Orders of Bishop Huntingford—Deacons, 1804; Priests, 1805. Elected, the same year, Professor of History, Geography, and Classics, at the Royal Military College, Great Marlow, Bucks. Married, 1819, Anne, third daughter of Captain Dickinson, E.N., of Bramblebury, near Woolwich. Remained attached to the Royal Military College afterwards at Sandhurst, 1822; removed thence to Britwell Court, Burnham, Bucks, till 1829, when he was appointed to the Head-Mastership of the Free Grammar School, at Market Bosworth, Leicestershire, which office he has filled to the present time. He has published two or three early works; amongst the rest, "The Curate," a Poem, and "Synopsis of Geography, for the use of the

Royal Military College, Great Marlow," and afterwards of Sandhurst. At a much later period, he has published the following, viz.:—

The Phylactery; a Poem. London: Longman.

The Village Church; a Poem. London: Longman.

Education and Parental Example; in imitation of the XIVth Satire of Juvenal. A Poem. Hatchard.

Sermons on the Christian Life and Character. 8vo. Longman.

Sermons on the relative Duties of the Poor. 12mo. London: Longman.

Effectual Means of Promoting and Propagating the Gospel. A Sermon published by request. 8vo. Longman.

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The Fifth of November, or, the Romish Apostacy contrasted with "The Faith once delivered to the Saints."

Calamus Scriptorius; or, Copies for writing Greek, for Schools. London: Longman.

Leicestershire Words, Phrases, and Proverbs. 12mo. London: Pickering.

Contributed several papers in the early columns of *The British Magazine*, under the signature of "Tarpa."

HUTCHINGS (JAMES), Artist and Author, Blakesley, near Towcester, Northamptonshire. Born in Banbury, Oxon, 1809; educated at the Blue Coat School of that borough. Schoolmaster at Bloxham, Oxon, from 1831 to 1834. Published his first work, an Essay, 1834. Commenced Art professionally, 1835. Studied Art some time in Paris, 1836.

Married Carolina, daughter of Mr. William Norris of Blakesley, 1837. Made a sketching tour through Wales in 1841. Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1849. Landscapes; British Institution, 1850:—"Ethelbert Signing the Charter of the First Endowment of the Anglican Church in the Presence of St. Augustine;" The Society of British Artists, 1850. Author of—

An Essay on the Materiality of Spiritual Existences. Banbury: William Potts. 1834.

Renaldi; or, the Fate of Genius and Blighted Affections. A Poem. Towcester: S. Sharp. 1839.

Contributor to:—*The Northampton Herald*, *The Bucks Gazette*, *The Banbury Guardian*.

PALIN (WILLIAM, M.A.), Author, of Trinity College, Cambridge; residence, Stifford Rectory, near Romford. Born November 10, 1802, at Northlake, near Richmond, Surrey. Took his B.A. degree at Cambridge, 1833; was ordained, in the same year, by the Bishop of London, to the Curacy of Stifford; succeeded to the Rectory of that parish in the year following. Known as an active magistrate for the county of Essex, and is a magistrate for the county of Kent. Author of

Village Lecture on the Litany. 1 vol. 12mo. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1837.

Bellingham; or, Narrative of a Christian in Search of the Church. 1 vol. 12mo. J. W. Parker and Son. 1839.

The Weekly Offertory, a Sermon preached in the Parish-Church of Stifford; and various Tracts on the same Subjects. London: Rivingtons. 1845.

The History of the Church of England, from the Revolution to the last Acts of Convocation, A.D. 1688-1717; taking up the narrative where Dr. Short (now Bishop of St. Asaph), Carwithen and Southey left it. 1 vol. sm. 8vo. London: Rivingtons. 1851.

DEATHS.

BAUDRY.—In Paris, M. Baudry, the eminent foreign book-seller and publisher.

BAYLEY.—Last week, at Birmingham, Mr. F. W. N. Bayley, well known for his contributions to the periodical and serial literature of the last twenty years. He was a large and successful contributor to several popular magazines, and was, besides, the author of numerous works of fiction.

BOOTH.—In America, Mr. Junius Brutus Booth, the well-known actor who for awhile seemed disposed, in London, to dispute the throne of Tragedy with Kean the elder,—and who signalled himself by as much eccentricity behind the curtain as power and passion on the stage. He had lived for many years in America, occasionally acting and taking part in theatrical speculations; and had, just before his decease, returned from San Francisco, in California, where one of his sons is manager of the Jenny Lind Theatre. Mr. Booth was a Londoner, having been born in St. Pancras on May-day, 1796.

DALTON.—Mr. J. S. Dalton, proprietor and editor of *The Banker's Magazine and Atlas* newspaper, aged 36. The immediate cause of Mr. Dalton's death was a bronchial affection, previously to which he had for some months suffered from inflammation of the lungs.

HODGSON.—At the lodge, Eton College, the Rev. Francis Hodgson, B.D. Provost of Eton, in his 72nd year. He had held the provostship twelve years, succeeding Dr. Goodall in 1840.

HUVE.—In his 84th year, M. Huve, the architect, who completed the Madeleine. He was found dead in his bed. M. Huve was one of the senior members of the Institute, and member of the Academy of Beaux Arts.

JULES JEITELES.—Recently, at Prague, Dr. Jules Jeiteles, one of the most distinguished physicians of that city, in his sixty-seventh year.

LANARI.—M. Lanari, well known as the manager of musical theatres in Italy.

LOVELACE.—Recently, at No. 6, Great Cumberland-place, after a lingering illness of more than one year's duration, the Lady Ada Augusta, "sole daughter of Byron's house and heart." She was born in 1816, at the town residence, 122, Piccadilly, of her illustrious father, like whom she died in the 37th year of her age.

ROUW.—On December 9, at No. 13, Denmark-terrace, Pentonville, Peter Rouw, sculptor, more than fifty years resident in Norton-street, St. Marylebone, aged 81.

STEPHENS.—On December 22, at his house in Kennington, after eight or ten days' illness, of inflammation of the lungs, Mr. James Francis Stephens, F.L.S., late President of the Entomological Society.

WALLIS.—On December 12, at his residence, Camberwell, John Wallis, Esq., Lecturer on Astronomy, aged 65.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

[The Publisher of THE CRITIC is desirous of purchasing for some subscribers the following works. Any person having them to dispose of to send price and particulars to Mr. Crookford.]

The Church Missionary Intelligencer, No. I. for May, 1849; No. X. for February, 1850; No. XVII. for September, 1850.

Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes. (Translation.) 8 vols. Bentley.

Smith's Collectanea Antiqua. 2 vols. 8vo, or Vol. I.

THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL, Nos. 234, 235, and 236 (the first three numbers for 1851.)

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—TO THE CARPET TRADE.—ROYAL VICTORIA FELT
APPERTING.—The Patent Woollen Cloth Company beg to inform the Trade that their New Patterns in Carpets and Table Covers for the present Season are now out, and will be found far superior to any they have hitherto produced, both in style and variety. The Public can be supplied at all respectable Carpet Hosiery low and the Country. The Company may deem it necessary to caution the public against parties who are selling an inferior description of goods as Felted Carpets, which will not bear comparison with their manufacture, either in style or durability; and that the genuineness of the goods can always be tested by purchasers, as the Company's carpets are all stamped at both ends of the piece, "Royal Victoria Carpeting Looming," with the royal arms in the centre. The Company's Manufactures are at Elmwood Mills, Leeds, and Borough Road, London. Wholesale Warehouses at 2, Love-lane Wood-street, Cheshire.

VINEGAR WITHOUT ADULTERATION.
COOKE'S FRENCH WINE VINEGAR is universally admitted to be the best, being unequalled for flavour, strength, and purity. Families are particularly and respectfully recommended to try this really pure and excellent Vinegar (imported from France, and bottled in small), imported direct by J. H. COOKE, 1, Fen-court, Fenchurch-street.
Price 7s. per dozen, or 3s. per gallon. Terms, cash. Can be tasted, or samples sent for approval on application. Bottles charged and allowed for when returned.

TO NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN
FURNISHING.—SEWELL and Co. have the honour of submitting some very splendid new materials for DRAWING and DINING ROOM CURTAINS, Carpets, &c., adapted both for town and country. The No. 1, 2, and 3 quality of Brussels and Velvet Pile Carpets are not to be surpassed, either in cheapness or splendour, by any house in the kingdom; Turkey and Aubusson Carpets, new materials for Portiers, India Damasks in all colours, Utrecht Velvets, Swiss Muslin and Lace Curtains, Table Covers in cloth of gold, &c. The new stock of French and English Furniture Chintzes is very large and well selected. Several of the last year's patterns suitable for Drawing or Bed-room Covers, are offered at reduced prices.
Compton-house, 44, 45, 46, Old Compton-street, 46 and 47 Firth-street, Soho.

PRIZE COOKING-RANGES.—The only
Prizes that have ever been offered or awarded in England for Cottage Cooking-Grates have been granted to NICHOLSON of NEWARK. Three of these prizes have been given by the Royal Agricultural Society, and one by the Royal Commissioners at the Great Exhibition. They have been adopted by the Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes, in all their Model Buildings, as well as in Prince Albert's Model Cottages in Hyde Park. They may be procured at PIERCE'S, Jermyn-street, London, and of most respectable country Ironmongers. A new and handsomely illustrated Catalogue, with reduced Price-List, containing full particulars of all his recent improvements in Cottage-Grates, has been printed. Catalogue's Grate at 30s. to the largest at 20 guineas and upwards, may be had on application to the Manufacturer, enclosing four postage-stamps.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.—A
CERTAIN REMEDY for disorders of the pulmonary organs—in difficulty of breathing—in redundancy of phlegm—in incipient consumption (of which cough is the most positive indication) they are of unerring efficacy. In asthma, and in winter cough, they have never been known to fail.
Prepared and sold in boxes, 1s. 1½d., and tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., No. 79, St. Paul's-churchyard, London. Sold retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors in the Kingdom.

IMPORTANT TO SINGERS and PUBLIC SPEAKERS.
"Sir,—I have much pleasure in recommending your Lozenges to those who may be distressed with hoarseness. I have given them myself on several occasions when scarcely able to sing from the effects of catarrh. I think they would be very useful to clergymen, barristers, and public orators."
"To Mr. Keating." "I am, Sir, yours faithfully," "THOMAS FRANCIS, Vicar-Choral."

SIR JAMES MURRAY'S FLUID
MAGNESIA.—Prepared under the immediate care of the Inventor, and established for upwards of thirty years by the Profession, for removing Bile, Acidities, and Indigestion, restoring Appetite, preserving a moderate state of the bowels, and dissolving uric acid in Gravel and Gout; also as an easy remedy for Sea-sickness, and for the fatal accident to childhood it is invaluable.—On the value of Magnesia as a remedial agent it is unnecessary to enlarge; but the Fluid Preparation of Sir James Murray is now the most valued by the Profession, as it entirely avoids the loins, sickness, and diarrhoea, and other usual results from the use of the article in powder. Sold by the sole consignee, Mr. WILLIAM BAILEY, of Wolverhampton; and by all wholesale and retail Druggists and Medicine Agents throughout the British Empire, in bottles, each 6d., 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., 6d., 11s., and 21s. each.—The Acidulated Syrup in Bottles, 2s. each.
N.B.—Be sure to ask for Sir James Murray's Preparation, and to see that his name is stamped on each label in green ink, as follows:—"James Murray Physician to the Lord Lieutenant."

TO SUFFERERS.—Instant Relief
Pain.—JEAN LEFAY'S GRANDE POMMADE.—This extraordinary preparation cures in most cases by one application those formidable and tormenting maladies, sciatic, rheumatism, lumbago, and all painful affections of the nerves, giving instant relief in the most severe cases. Patients, who for a long time have been in a miserable existence by being deprived of sleep from acute pain, and many that had lost the free use of their limbs from weakness, caused by paralysis and rheumatism, to the astonishment of their medical attendants and acquaintances have, by a few rubbings, been restored to health, strength, and comfort, after electricity, galvanism, blistering, veratrine, colchicum, and all the usual remedies had been tried and found worse than useless. Its surprising effects have also been experienced in its rapid cure of nervous affections of the heart, palpitation, difficulty of breathing, pains of the lungs, sciatic, rheumatism, and weakness of the ligaments and joints. It may be used at any time by the most delicate person with the greatest safety, requiring no restraint from business or pleasure, nor does it cause any eruption on the most tender skin. Sold by the appointment of Jean Lefay, the Inventor, by his sole agent, J. W. Stirling, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 86, High-street, Whitechapel, London, in metallic cases at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. each.
N.B.—A post-office order for 5s. will pay for a 4s. 6d. case, and its carriage to any part of the United Kingdom. Sent to any part of London carriage free. It can be had of Sanger, 150, and Hannay, 63, Oxford-street; and all respectable medicine vendors.
Caution.—The genuine has "J. W. Stirling" engraved on the stamp.

DR. KING'S TRUE SARSAPILLA
PILLS, for purifying the blood, scurvy, and all low states of system, skin diseases, nervous complaints, Gout, Rheumatic Gout, weak nerves, loss of appetite, stomachic and liver complaints, nervous head and face ache, sore legs, and general debility. They are invaluable to the military, naval, and commercial men and tourists, not only on account of their virtues, but their portability. Their advantages over any liquid preparation are manifold: 1stly, Because no solution of Sarsaparilla, however carefully prepared, can resist an inherent fermentation, which it will, and does undergo, rendering it entirely useless; 2ndly, "Two Pills contain as much Pure Sarsaparilla as a Tabled-spoonful of the Strongest Essence, and more to be depended upon;" 3rdly, They have been prescribed in an extensive practice for nearly sixty-seven years, and their virtues well tested. They are beneficial for both sexes, and will keep in any climate. 9d. box, equal to a 12s. bottle of Sarsaparilla. Sold by most respectable medicine vendors in the Kingdom, and by the sole Proprietor HENRY HIDES, 10, Hungerford-street, Strand, in boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s. and 21s. A considerable saving is effected by taking the larger boxes; hence a 2s. 9d. contains three 1s. 1½d. boxes, a 4s. 6d. contains seven, and so on increasing.

DR. KING'S GOUT PILLS.—Gout relieved in a very short time, and really cured by a newly discovered principle in "SARSAPILLA." The Proprietor of Dr. King's True Sarsaparilla Pills, upon finding so many severe and chronic cases of Gout and Rheumatic Gout truly cured by "Dr. King's Sarsaparilla Pills," determined upon mixing a very old and well tried Gout Pill, with Dr. King's Sarsaparilla Pills, and the result was a new and powerful medicine, which he has named "Dr. King's Gout Pills." The cure of Gout and Rheumatism, and all cases of a Rheumatic character, such as Tic-douleur, face ache, lumbago, and pains in the loins and joints, and the benefit from such a combination of these two Prescriptions has been really wonderful. Dr. King's Gout Pills may be taken without the slightest fear of their injuring the system. They are free from opium and mercury, and consist chiefly of Pure Sarsaparilla.
N.B.—Their mode of action is by really purifying the fluids of the body, and causing the poison of Gout to be driven off from the system not by violent purging, but by a gentle increase of the secretion of the kidneys. Sold in boxes at the same price as Dr. King's True Sarsaparilla Pills, by most respectable vendors in the United Kingdom, and by the sole agent, HENRY HIDES, 10, Hungerford-street, Strand. Neither of the Pills are genuine without the proprietor's name (in full) upon the stamp, to imitate which is libel.
Boxes sent by post by enclosing Postage Stamps for the amount of box required.

ITALIAN SILK UMBRELLAS are superseding every other description for elegance and durability, are made on the premises under Mr. Cheek's immediate inspection, and the silk warranted superior to any other material. 19s. and 21s.—Golden Pencil, 132, Oxford-street.
N.B. Ladies' silk, 6s.; alpaca, 8s.; gingham, 2s.; and carriage umbrellas, 6s.

INSTANTANEOUS LIQUID HAIR DYE.
KERR and STRANG'S HAIR DYE is instantaneous, permanent, and effectual, free from smell, and harmless as pure water. Any lady or gentleman sceptical of its wonderful effects in dyeing any shade of colour, can have their dyed, free of any charge, at their establishment, 124, Leadenhall-street. Sold in cases, at 7s. 6d., 15s., 20s. Sample cases 3s. 6d.—forwarded on receipt of post office orders.

EASE and COMFORT in SHAVING.
B. and S. COWAN'S CANTON STROP or Quadrilateral Chinese Razor Sharpener, renders shaving easy to the most tender skin. The following testimonial is from that most eminent surgeon, Mr. Aston Key:—"Sir,—I have made trial of your Razor Strop, and find it to answer better than any strop I have hitherto used for giving a keen edge to cutting instruments for anatomical and surgical purposes. I send you, to Messrs. B. and S. Cowan, inventors, 164, Fenchurch-street, London," where the Strop, &c., may be obtained, and of all perfumers, at 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 9s. 6d. each.
COWAN'S peculiarly tempered Razors. Tooth Powder and Shaving Powder.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS are not sold by any hosiers or drapers, and can therefore be obtained only at 34, Poultry. Gentlemen in the country or abroad, ordering through their agents, are requested to observe on the interior of the collar-band the stamp, "FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS, 34, POULTRY." Without which none are genuine. They are made in two qualities: first quality, 40s. the half-dozen; second quality, 30s. the half-dozen. Gentlemen who are desirous of purchasing shirts in the very best manner in which they can be made are solicited to inspect those, the most unique and only perfectly-fitting shirts. Coloured shirts, for boating, shooting, and ordinary wear, 27s. the half-dozen. List of prices and instructions for measurement post free, and patterns of the new coloured shirtings free on receipt of six stamps.
RICHARD FORD, 34, Poultry, London (late 135, Strand).

GUTTA PERCHA TUBING.—Many inquiries having been made as to the Durability of this Tubing, the Gutta Percha Company have pleasure in drawing attention to the following letter, received:
FROM MR. C. HACKER, SURVEYOR TO THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.
"Office of Works, Woburn-park, Jan. 10, 1852.
"In answer to your inquiries respecting the Gutta Percha Tubing for Pump Suction, I find that the water has not affected it in the least, although it will eat lead through in two years; we have adopted it largely, both on account of being cheaper than lead, much easier fixed, and a more perfect job. Yours, &c. C. HACKER."

N.B.—The Company's Illustrated Circulars, containing Instructions to Plumbers for joining tubes, lining tanks, &c. will be forwarded on the receipt of three postage stamps.
The GUTTA PERCHA COMPANY, PATENTEES, 18, WHARF-ROAD, CITY-ROAD, LONDON.

THE COMFORT of a FIXED WATER-CLOSET for 12—Places in gardens converted into comfortable water-closets by the PATENT HERMETICALLY SEALED PAN, with its self-acting water-trap valve, entirely preventing the return of cold air, or effluvia. Price 12s. Any carpenter can fix it in 15 hours. Indispensable for health and comfort of a family. Also Patent Hermetically-sealed Lustrous Commodities for the sick-room, price 11s. 4s. 2s. 6d., and 3s. A prospectus with engravings forwarded by enclosing a postage stamp.
At FIFE and Co.'s, 26, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

RUPTURES EFFECTUALLY CURED
WITHOUT A TRUSS.—Dr. LESLIE continues to supply the afflicted with his celebrated remedy for this alarming complaint, the great success of which for many years past renders any further comment unnecessary. It is easy and painless in use, causing no inconvenience or confinement, and is applicable to every kind of single and double rupture, however bad or long standing, in male or female of any age. The remedy will be sent, post free, on receipt of 7s. 6d. by post-office order, payable at the General Post-office, or postage stamps, by Dr. HERBERT LESLIE, 37A, Manchester-street, Gray's Inn-road, London.—At home daily, from 10 till 1, and from 3 till 8; Sundays, 10 till 1 only.—Notice. No letters answered unless they contain a remittance.

RUPTURES.—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.
THE MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS is allowed by upwards of 300 Medical Gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of Hernia. The use of a spring, so often hurtful in its effects, is here avoided; a soft bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite retaining power is supplied by the Moc-Main Pad and Patent Lever, fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body two inches below the hips being sent to the Manufacturer, Mr. WHITE, 228, Piccadilly, London.
An Umbilical Truss on the same principle.
Every description of Riding Belts, Elastic Stockings, Spinal Corsets, Supporters and Suspensors, on new and approved principles, with every kind of Surgical Bandages.

ROYAL UNION CIGARS.—CAUTION.
The Royal Union and Universal Cigars, 12s. 6d. per lb., differ from every other cigar made, and are equal to foreign. So many complaints are made of bad cigars sold under these names as Messrs. TOSSWILL and Co.'s, the public will please observe, to every box in future will be affixed their private seal and brand. The largest stock in the Kingdom of genuine Foreign Havana Cigars, 18s. 6d., 22s., 24s., and 26s. per lb.; also, Government Manillas, 18s. 6d. per lb.; Cigars and Cheroots, 6s., 7s., 8s., 9s., 10s. 6d. per lb.; choice Tobaccos: Latakia, 7s. 6d., and Turkey, 5s. 6d. per lb.; and all others.
TOSSWILL and Co., Merchants and Importers, Nos. 6, 7, and 8, Pudding-lane, Eastcheap, near the Monument, London.

ALBANY LAMP AND CANDLE MANUFACTORY.—CLARKE'S Russian Wax Candles, 1s. per lb., burn superior to all others; Best Albany Composite Candles, 4d. per lb., do not require snuffing; for ordinary purposes the Cheapest Candles that can be used, Moulds, 7d., Store Candles, 6d. per lb.; Express Fine Soap, very old and dry, 5s. per cwt.; Good Yellow, 50s. and 44s.; Best Mottled, 56s.; Honey Soap, 1s.; Old Brown Windsor, 2s.; all other scented soaps, 1s. 6d. per lb.; Patent Albany Oil, 4s. 6d. per gallon, superior to Spermac; Clarke's Refined Oil for French Lamps, 4s. per gallon; Solar, 3s. 6d. Italian goods of the finest quality at the Wholesale price; Lamps of every description manufactured on the premises.
SAMUEL CLARKE, Albany Lamp and Candle Manufactory, 55, Albany-street, Regent's-park, London, within two minutes' walk of the Colosseum.
N.B.—Country orders, amounting to 10l. or upwards, Carriage Free.

AMERICAN CLOCK WAREHOUSE, 545, and 546, NEW OXFORD-STREET, where will be found the largest assortment of those superior Time-pieces, American Clocks, ever imported into this country, made by the oldest and most celebrated Manufacturers in the United States. All our clocks are warranted to keep correct time. The prices are for Thirty-hour Clocks, 14s., 18s., and 22s.; for Eight-day Clocks, 30s. and 35s.

Also, the CHILD'S VELOCIPED, a new American Invention for the amusement and exercise of Children. It combines the Pony and Carriage, and by the graceful and easy exercise promotes muscular development of the limbs, and checks idleness by the medicinal facility, and approved by all who have seen it. Together with every variety of American Goods.
Sold Wholesale and Retail by the Manufacturers and Importers, ROGERS and Co., 545 and 546, New Oxford-street.

HOUSEHOLDERS' LIFE ASSURANCE

COMPANY.
All Policies indispensible: payable to holder fourteen days after death.
New and most economical Scale of Premiums.
Loans, on a new system, superceding Building Societies.
15 and 16, Adam-street, Adelphi. R. HODSON, Secretary.

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL LAW

ASSURANCE SOCIETY.
32, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars.
GEORGE M. BUTT, Esq., M.P., Q.C., Chairman.
BONUS—Policies effected (on the profit scale) prior to the 31st December, 1855, will participate in four-fifths of the profits to be declared at the close of the year 1856, and appropriated by addition to the policy, reduction of premium, or payment in cash, as the assured may desire.
JOHN KNOWLES, Actuary and Secretary.

DEFENDER FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE

COMPANY, 34, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars.
A BONUS equal on the average to FORTY PER CENT. upon the life premiums paid previously to 1851 was declared at the Ordinary General Meeting, held on the 3rd January, instant.
Prospectuses and full information may be had at the Company's Office, or of any of the Agents.
Respectable active Agents wanted. The usual Commission to Solicitors and others.
JOHN KELDAY, Managing Director.

The attention of CLERGYMEN, BENEVOLENT PERSONS, and EMPLOYERS of every description, is invited to the Prospectus and Tables of the

OAK MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE

LOAN COMPANY,
No. 49, Moorgate-street, London. Completely registered pursuant to act of Parliament, 7 & 8 Vict. cap. 110.
Any number of copies for distribution may be obtained by personal application at the head office, or by addressing a letter to
G. MANNERS CODDE, Secretary.

NATIONAL ASSURANCE AND INVEST-

MENT ASSOCIATION, 7, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square.
London; Established May, 1844.

Lieut.-Col. the Right Honourable Lord GEORGE PAGET, M.P.
Rev. JOSEPH PRENDERGAST, D.D., (Canon) Lewisham.
GEORGE STONE, Esq., Banker, Lombard-street.
MATTHEW HUTTON CHAYTOR, Esq., Redgate.
Investment of Capital and Savings.

The Investment of money with this association, secures equal advantages to the surplus Capital of the affluent, and the provident Savings of the industrious classes of the community, and affords an opportunity for realizing the highest rate of interest yielded by first-class securities, in which alone the money is employed.

Moneys deposited with the Association, for investment, are exempt from liabilities on account of life contingencies, as well as the expenses of management, which are borne by the Life Department, in consideration of the business brought to it by investment transactions; therefore, Depositors enjoy the entire profits yielded by their Capital free from deduction of any kind—an advantage which no other Institution, either Public or Private, holds forth, or can afford, to its members.
Interest payable in January and July.

Capital Stock, 100,000.
The Capital Stock is altogether distinct and separate from the Depositors' Stock in the Investment Department. It constitutes, with the Premium Fund, a guarantee for the engagements of the Association, and has been provided in order to render the security of the Assured complete.
Life Department.

This Department embraces a comprehensive and well-regulated system of Life Assurance, with many valuable and important improvements.

Tables will be found, by which credit is given for half the amount of the annual Premium, for periods of Five and Seven Years, also a novel Table for securing Loans or Bids, the rate of Premium by which will protect the interest of the Policyholder from all contingencies, and allow the Life Assured to proceed to, and reside in, any part of the World, without special License from the Board of Management.

College Education.
A Novel Table has been constructed expressly for the use of this Institution, whereby a parent, by the payment of a very small annual premium, may, in the event of death, secure to a child, either an Annuity, payable from the age of 17 to 23, or an equivalent amount in money.

Other new and important Tables for Educational purposes, and Endowments for Children, are in course of construction, and will shortly be published.

Full information and Prospectuses may be obtained, on application to the Head Office of the Association, or to the respective Agents, throughout the United Kingdom.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.
N.B. Applications for Agencies may be made to the Managing Director.

BARKER'S RAZOR PAPER, an invention

for wiping the lather from the razor while shaving, by which simple process alone, and without the least trouble, razors once properly set, instead of getting dull by use, improve in keenness and evenness, and are constantly preserved in perfect shaving order without new or stop.

"It is an invention that should be patronized on every gentleman's dressing-table, and in saying thus much we speak only from long and comfortable experience."—Morning Advertiser.
"We have seen a variety of methods for giving a keen edge to razors, but certainly none so simple and effectual as this."—Magazine of Science.

Sold in packets at 6d., 1s., and boxes at 3s. and 6s., by the principal perfumers, stationers, &c., and by the inventor and sole manufacturers, F. BARKER and SONS, Stationers, Hammersmith, who will, on receipt of 16 postage stamps, return a 1s. packet, for trial, post free.

STATIONERY, the Cheapest and Best!

Carriage free on orders over 20s.: Catalogues post free. Full size, good Cream-laid Note, 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. per ream; superfine ditto, 4s. 6d.; thick Cream-laid Adhesive Envelopes, 4s. 6d. per 100; extra thick Enamelled ditto, with Initials or Device, 7s. 6d.; foolscap Official ditto, 2s. 6d.; superfine Black or Red Wax, 2s. 6d. per lb.; very best ditto, 3s. 6d.; University Scribbling paper, 7s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per ream; Draft Outside, all perfect sheets, 5s. per ream; Foolscap Outside, 8s. 6d. per ream; best Blotting, five quires for 4s.; Quill Pens, 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. per 100; P. and C. a celebrated Correspondence Steel Pens, 1s. 3d. per gross, all warranted: Cream Holders, to fit any pen, 6d. per dozen; best Magnum Bonum pens, 4d. per dozen, or 3s. 6d. per gross; School Copy Books, 2s. per dozen; best, large size ditto, 3s. 6d.; Serron Paper, 4s. 6d. per ream; Red Tape, 9d. per dozen pieces; good Lead Pencils, 6d. and 9d. per dozen; Cream-laid Letter, 6s. per ream; Cyphering Books, ruled or plain, 1s. each; Note Books, 4d. and 6d. each; Whity-brown or Curling paper, 3s. 9d. per ream; double size ditto, smooth and stout, 7s. 6d.; Drawing Pencils, different degrees, 2s. 6d. per dozen.

MOURNING STATIONERY.

Very best Cream-laid, Black-bordered Note, full size, five quires for 2s., or 7s. 6d. per ream; ditto, ditto, Queen's size, five quires for 1s. 6d., or 3s. per ream; Black Bordered Envelopes, 1s. per 100; very best Black Wax, ten sticks for 1s. or 3s. 9d. per lb.

Observe the address, "PARTBIDGE and COZENS," 127 and 128, Canney-lane, five doors from Fleet-street. Everything not only cheap but good.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT HAIR?

WHISKERS, &c.—EMILY DEAN'S CRINILENE has been many years established as the only preparation that can be relied upon for the restoration of the hair in baldness from any cause, preventing the hair falling out, strengthening weak hair, and checking greyness, and for the production of whiskers, mustaches, eyebrows, &c., in three or four weeks, with certainty. It is an elegantly-scented compound, and will be sent, post free, on receipt of twenty-four postage stamps, by MISS DEAN, 37A, Manchester-street, Gray's Inn-road, London.—At home daily, from 11 till 7. "It perfectly restored my hair, after seven years' baldness."—Major Hine, Jersey. "Crinilene is the best stimulant or the hair I have ever analysed."—Dr. Thomson, Regent-square.

ENGLISH AND CAMBRIAN ASSURANCE

SOCIETY, 9, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, London.
The distinctive features of this Society are:—Low Rates of Premium, and Proposals for every description of Life Assurance entertained for any sum from 25s. to 5,000s.
The subjoined Table sets forth the advantages offered by this Society resulting from low Premiums.

Age at Entry.	Annual Premium by Northampton Rates to Assure £1,000.	Annual Premium by English and Cambrian Rates to Assure £1,000.	Showing an Annual Saving of	Enabling a Person to Assure for	Giving an Immediate Bonus of
20	£ s. d. 21 15 0	£ s. d. 16 12 6	£ s. d. 5 3 4	£ 1,310	£ 310
30	26 13 5	20 12 6	6 0 11	1,293	293
40	33 19 6	27 11 8	6 7 10	1,145	145
50	45 6 0	39 14 2	5 11 10	1,150	150

Loans granted upon real and personal security, upon Terms peculiar to this Office, and highly beneficial to the borrower.
Assurances "declined" by other Offices accepted on equitable terms.

INDUSTRIAL CLASSES.—Special Tables to suit the "Industrial" Classes, by taking the payments weekly, monthly, or otherwise.

HALF-PREMIUM ASSURANCES.—Policies will be granted on payment of one-half of the usual Premium, with Interest upon the Balance during the term of seven years.

EMIGRANTS.—Policies effected upon the Lives of Emigrants at a very moderate additional charge to cover the risk of the voyage.

MEDICAL REFEREES paid by this Society for their Professional Reports.

Prospectuses and full particulars may be obtained on application to WILLIAM HENRY KINGSFORD, Resident Manager.

CLERICAL, MEDICAL, AND GENERAL

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Advantages offered.

EXTENSION OF LIMITS OF RESIDENCE.—The Assured may reside in most parts of the world, without extra charge, and in all parts by payment of a small extra Premium.

Mutual system without the risk of Partnership.

The small share of Profit divisible in future among the Shareholders being now provided for, without trenching on the amount made by the regular business, the Assured will hereafter derive all the benefits obtainable from a Mutual Office, with, at the same time, complete freedom from liability, secured by means of an ample Proprietary Capital—thus combining in the same office all the advantages of both systems.

The Assurance Fund already invested amounts to £80,000, and the Income exceeds 136,000, per Annum.

CREDIT SYSTEM.—On Policies for the Whole of Life, one half of the Annual Premiums for the first five years may remain on credit, and continue as a debt on the Policy, or may be paid off at any time.

LOANS.—Loans are advanced on Policies which have been in existence five years and upwards, to the extent of nine-tenths of their value.

BONUSES.—FIVE BONUSES have been declared; at the last, in January, 1852, the sum of 131,125s. was added to the Policies, producing a Bonus varying with the different ages from 24s. to 55 per cent. on the Premiums paid during the five years.

PARTICIPATION IN PROFITS.—Policies participate in the Profits in proportion to the number and amount of the Premiums paid between every division, so that if only one year's Premium be received prior to the Books being closed for any division, the Policy on which it was paid will obtain its due share of the Profits.

30th June, 1854, therefore those who effect Policies before the 30th June next, will be entitled to one year's additional share of Profits over later Assurers.

APPLICATION OF BONUSES.—The next and future Bonuses may be either received in Cash, or applied, at the option of the Assured, in any other way.

NON PARTICIPATING.—Assurances may be effected for a Fixed Sum at considerably reduced Rates, and the Premiums for term Policies are lower than at most other Safe Offices.

PROMPT SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS.—Claims paid thirty days after proof of death, and all Policies are indispensible, except in cases of fraud.

INVALID LIVES may be Assured at Rates proportioned to the increased risk.

POLICIES are granted on the Lives of persons in any station, and of every age, and for any sum on one life from 50s. to 10,000s.

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